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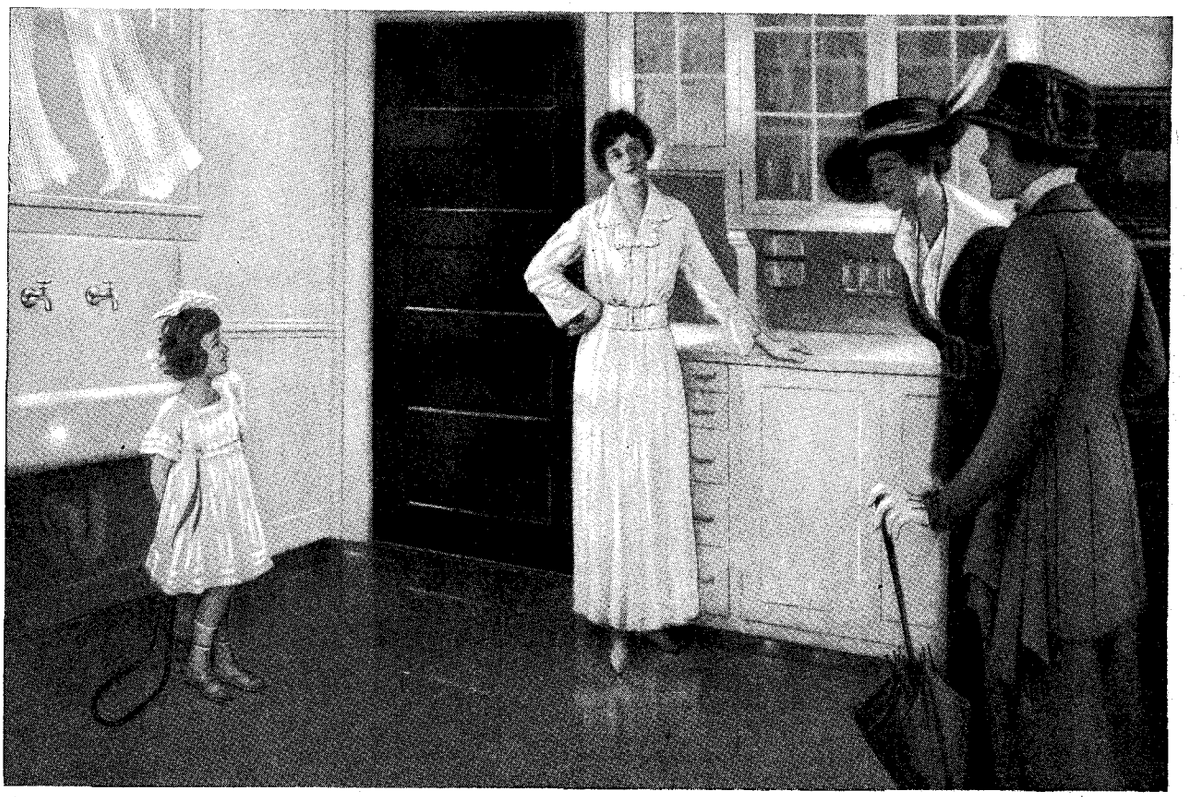

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The Outlook

APRIL 10, 1918

Offices, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

On account of the war and the consequent delays in the mails, both in New York City and on the railways, this copy of The Outlook may reach the subscriber late. The publishers are doing everything in their power to facilitate deliveries

FOCH: GENERALISSIMO

The power just put into the hands of General Ferdinand Foch by the Allies is defined in the announcement by the English Prime Minister on March 30 in these words:

> The enemy has had the incalculable advantage of fighting as one army. To meet this the Allies have, since the battle began, taken a most important decision. With the cordial co-operation of the British and French Commanders-in-Chief, General Foch has been charged by the British, French, and American Governments to co-ordinate the action of the Allied armies on the western front.

It is generally understood that the action now taken was seriously considered by the Supreme War Council of the Allies about two months ago, and that it was really this which caused such perturbation and opposition in certain quarters in Great Britain after Mr. Lloyd George's return from Paris. As a result the proposal to put supreme command into one man's hands was for the moment abandoned. Its imperative need has been shown by the new German offensive, and especially so because in its southern attack the offensive struck close to the point where the British and French forces meet on the line of defense. There was already a *liaison*, or plan for mutual action, in existence, but the present juncture calls for large movements of troops of both armies in unison and harmony. Never was there a case where division of command might be so disastrous.

Among the French commanders none, unless perhaps it be Pétain, could be regarded as General Foch's equal for this supreme office. Ferdinand Foch (the name is, we understand, pronounced with the soft ch—*Fōsh*—as a French word, rather than with the guttural ch as in German) was born in the south of France, and is said to be of mingled Basque and Alsatian blood and to derive his name from the latter source—many of the Alsatians who have been ardent French patriots for generations have names which are German in form.

General Foch has been called by his former chief, General Joffre, "the first strategist in Europe." His training was gained in the French artillery. He is sixty-six years old; so that we have facing one another in supreme command of the two armies on the western front two men each above sixty-five years of age. General Foch has in the highest degree the confidence of his officers and men. By the latter, indeed, he is regarded as having almost miraculous powers of quick determination and infallible judgment. His prime military dogma is said to be, "First find out your enemy's weak point, and then concentrate your blows there." It was this axiom which he applied in his famous attack at the Battle of the Marne. Neither Foch nor Manoury nor Joffre singly won the Battle of the Marne, but the deep and wise planning of Joffre and the quick eyes, rapid brains, and lightning-like action of the other two commanders saved Paris and France and Europe.

Equally brilliant was General Foch's attack when the Germans were endeavoring to head off the Allies near Ypres and both armies were rushed northward in a race to reach the seacoast first. It was General Foch who at this time stopped the German drive toward Calais and won the race to the sea.

Many are the stories of Foch's brilliant retorts and orders. To an officer who declared that his men were exhausted Foch exclaimed: "So are the Germans. Attack!" Every one has heard of Foch's despatch to Marshal Joffre when the balance of victory was hanging even at the Marne: "My right wing has been driven back; my left wing is crushed; I shall attack with my center."

THE GERMAN ADVANCE CHECKED

The fierce German drive to the westward over the plains of Picardy in its second week apparently exhausted, at least for a time, the tremendous momentum of its unprecedented thrust. The first week (March 21–28) left the Germans in possession of Albert in the center of the line and of Noyon in the extreme southeastern end of the line, while their general advance stretched from fifteen to twenty miles westward of a line passing through the three important towns of Bapaume, Péronne, and Nesle. The spearhead, as military men say, of the attack was, and is, directed at Amiens, and here the distance from the German outposts to the city is, as we write, about twelve miles. Happily, we have the assurance of the new Commander-in-Chief, General Foch, under date of April 1, that Amiens is safely guarded and that it will be protected from assault. The eagerness of the Germans to gain the city of Amiens is easily understood when it is remembered that it is not only in itself a large and important town and a center of highroads and railways, but that it is, in a direct line, not over sixty miles from the English Channel. The port on the Channel nearest to Amiens is the little seaside town of St. Valery, famous in history as the place from which William the Conqueror embarked for England.

During the week ending April 2 attack after attack in the general direction of Amiens from the northeast and the southeast was resisted and checked. Just west of Albert on the one hand, and just west of Mézières on the other, the assaults were terrific, but no essential German gains were made. Near Albert the British completely checked the enemy and held their positions. Near Mézières the battle-line wavered back and forth through several small towns, but the French, who had been moved northward to aid the British, were in the main successful. For instance, the small towns of Moreuil and Demuin were the scenes of severe engagements, and the former at least changed hands two or three times.

Apart from the drive toward Amiens, the most important battle front was that to the northward, around Arras. Here the Germans found a very different situation from that which existed when they were advancing over nearly level ground. The defenses of Arras and Vimy Ridge behind proved an insuperable obstacle. The fighting about Arras on Thursday, March 28, has not been surpassed in violence in any part of this movement. The magnitude of the attack was lost sight of in the despatches because of the extremely critical position farther south, but the defense will long stand as one of the finest achievements of the British army. General Haig's forces in this vicinity maintained their position and beat off the enemy, inflicting, it is reported, tremendous losses.

The week ending April 2 was for the most part one of concentration and recuperation for both the armies. Whether it will be followed by a second offensive of equal magnitude, or whether a counter-offensive will drive back the Germans, or whether they will "dig in" where they are and maintain their lines—these are questions which it is not possible to answer as we write. Looking at the war front in a broader sense, it is also a matter of speculation whether the Germans will continue their desperate effort to break through the defense in the southern part of the British line, or whether they will inaugurate

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an entirely new offensive either against the French line farther south or perhaps against Italy.

It is impossible at this stage to form reliable estimates as to the relative losses in the last two weeks of fighting. Yet upon this matter depends the conclusion as to the relative value to Germany of her desperate effort. A French official estimate of the German losses made on April 1 puts the total German casualties at between 275,000 and 300,000 men, and states that about one hundred separate German divisions have been identified as having been engaged. This, at the total strength, would mean about a million and a quarter men; but the actual number is probably nearer a million. The British and French losses are unquestionably much smaller than those of the Germans.

Most military writers agree that in this summer's campaigns the main offensive lies with the Germans. Their increase in forces and guns on the western line, following the breakdown of Russia, have made this almost certain. For the British, the French, and the Americans the part to be played will be that of grim, persistent, determined resistance. We who sit at home and read of terrible offensives like that which has been going on must not conclude that the war is going against us. In the earlier part of the war Great Britain and France showed indomitable and astonishing power of resistance when their forces were not yet fully ready to fight. Now they are ready and are abundantly supplied (as they were not in those earlier stages) with trained men and vast quantities of munitions. With such help as America can give them this year most assuredly they will hold fast and "carry on." And when this stage of the defensive ends, with German armies weakened and thinned out, and with American soldiers in hundreds of thousands coming from the training camps into the front line, the hour of our victory will approach. The next great campaign will see the Allies in the offensive all along the lines.

A GOOD FRIDAY SLAUGHTER

The German Emperor, in his letter of congratulation to the managers of the Krupp works at Essen because of their invention and manufacture of the gun which has been bombarding Paris at long range, expressed his Imperial thanks "for this achievement of German science and labor," but for once omitted to join the Almighty with him as a co-worker.

This was perhaps fortunate, as all Christian peoples have been inexpressibly shocked by the slaughter of innocent noncombatants, largely women and children, in an unnamed church in Paris on Good Friday. It is known that over seventy-five people were killed and a still larger number wounded. This "achievement" is in line with the bombarding of cathedrals, the deliberate throwing of shells from airplanes on residential quarters of great cities, and the German complicity in the Armenian massacres. The indignation of the Pope has taken the form of a threat of public condemnation of Austria, so it is reported, unless Austrian responsibility in this massacre is disavowed.

AMERICANS TO THE FRONT

General Pershing's assurance in a formal conference with General Foch that the entire American force in France was at the immediate disposal of the Allies was something more than a formal recognition of General Foch's new authority. It was an expression of American determination to put its army on the fighting line as fast and as far as military consideration make possible. As General Pershing stated in his cable message to our General Staff, all our resources are available and all our divisions will be used if and when needed. Enthusiasm in the ranks of the Army in France on learning of this assurance was spontaneous and eager. One description says:

> The order to prepare to march was received by the men with cheers; their cheerfulness was enhanced by the prospect of early action; the whistling and singing about the camps increased; they rejoiced at the prospect of participation in the greatest of battles, and they marched out of the villages where they were billeted with songs on their lips: "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Tipperary," and "Where Do We Go From Here?"

It is known that certain of our divisions have already moved northward toward the scene of immediate conflict, and, under the general direction of the French commander, they will, in all probability, speedily be placed in the strategic reserve, and may at any moment take part in the active fighting. An apparently authorized Washington despatch mentions one hundred thousand as the number of American soldiers actually available for the battle line.

In this country there are unmistakable indications that greater speed is being shown in the sending abroad of the forces which are sufficiently advanced in training, and statements made officially show that the Government is well satisfied with the improved methods of transportation which have been put in force.

TENNESSEE FOR LAW AND ORDER

Lynchings and other forms of mob violence have stirred up the people of Tennessee to take public action in behalf of the maintenance of law and order. We learn from the Nashville "Banner" of a recent meeting held at Nashville under the auspices of the Law and Order League of that city for the purpose of considering what could be done to protect the good name of the State from the damage inevitably done to it by mob violence. The meeting was attended by representative men, and letters, telegrams, and resolutions from civic bodies throughout the State were received commending the movement. One of the significant addresses is recorded by the Nashville "Banner" as follows:

> The next speaker called upon was Senator W. R. Webb. He referred to the great value of a good name, whether it be of the individual, a firm, corporation, commonwealth, or political unit.
>
> "You may go back to the most barbaric land and you will not find an act more savage than the lynchings here in Tennessee.
>
> "I want to affirm that a mob is a coward. No matter what the crime, a man has a right, a Constitutional right, to a trial, and should be turned over to the officials and given trial.
>
> "If we are going to have law and order, we must train our people in the elementary principle of law; we must start the training in the family.
>
> "It has always stirred my indignation when colored people have been mistreated, for they are of the weaker class.
>
> "My mother was protected by Negroes during the Civil War while she lived on an isolated farm. Her six boys were in the Confederate army, and she was entirely safe."

Some very vigorous resolutions, reported by the Resolutions Committee, of which Dr. Bruce R. Payne, the distinguished head of Peabody College in Nashville, was chairman, were read and adopted. The spirit of these resolutions is indicated by the following paragraph:

> We record our solemn protest against the atrocities which have been perpetrated by the mobs which have lynched men in Tennessee in the past. However brutal may have been the crimes which have provoked such mob violence, we find no extenuation, no alleviation, in the abrogation of law. We have the strong conviction that lynching is unjustifiable under any and all circumstances, and is wrong in the sight of man and in the sight of God. Mob violence is an economic, social, and moral evil, and a peril that must be stopped. It is a cure for nothing; it aggravates rather than prevents crime. Mobs are a menace to civilization—they make no distinctions, violate all reason, and set no limits to their passions.

The resolutions adopted called for the organization of a State Law and Order League and for the creation of similar local organizations in all communities throughout the State. We hope the new State Law and Order League of Tennessee will familiarize itself with the work of the State Police in Pennsylvania and New York, about which remarkable agencies for law and order The Outlook has recently had a good deal to say. The State Troopers of Pennsylvania and New York have been able to solve problems in suppressing sporadic and organized violence that have so far been insoluble for local police or even for State militia. This is very clearly proved by Miss Katherine Mayo's remarkable book "Justice to All," which is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

THE IMPORTANCE OF AMERICANIZATION

Secretary Lane has written to us, calling our attention to the serious condition of illiteracy in this country as "being one of urgency upon which the country should act." In a statement

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which he has made to the President and to the Senate and House Committees on Education, Mr. Lane says that in 1910 there were more than five and a half million persons "over ten years of age who were unable to read or write in any language. There are now nearly 700,000 men of draft age in the United States, who are, I presume, registered, who cannot read or write in English or in any other language." Formerly the United States Army would not enlist illiterates, but since April 1 last nearly 40,000 men have been drafted into the Army who cannot sign their names, cannot read orders posted on camp bulletin boards, cannot study their manual of arms, cannot read or write their own letters, and cannot understand the flag signals of the Signal Corps in time of battle. Secretary Lane visualizes this vast company of five and a half million illiterate persons in the United States in this vivid fashion:

> If these five and a half million illiterate persons were stretched in a double line of march at intervals of three feet, and were to march past the White House at the rate of twenty-five miles a day, it would require more than two months for them to pass. Over fifty-eight per cent are white persons, and of these 1,500,000 are native-born whites.

If the power to read and write adds to the productive value of a man only fifty cents a day, a very conservative estimate, Mr. Lane figures that the country is losing considerably over three-quarters of a billion dollars a year through illiteracy. The Federal and State Governments are spending millions of dollars in circulating information about agriculture, and "yet 3,700,000, or ten per cent, of our country folk cannot read or write a word. They cannot read a bulletin on agriculture, a farm paper, a food pledge card, a Liberty Loan appeal, a newspaper, the Constitution of the United States, or their Bibles, nor can they keep personal or business accounts."

We find, as we think our readers will, these facts astounding, but nevertheless they are facts and cannot be evaded. Americans have prided themselves in thinking that their country was the most intelligent in the world. Our pride is not well founded and we have got to get busy to make it good. Secretary Lane proposes one immediate way of getting busy—that is, support of the bill now introduced into the House "which provides for a modest appropriation for the Bureau of Education to begin and conduct a vigorous and systematic campaign for the eradication of adult illiteracy."

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

The French composer Debussy, who died on March 26, was a strange being, both as man and musician.

With his high cheek-bones and his flat-topped head, Claude Achille Debussy looked less like a Frenchman than a Chinaman. In his earlier years he was unkempt and uncouth. It was in these penniless years, while he lived with his devoted wife, that he made his original contributions to musical art. Later he became well-to-do and fastidious; but he had deserted the wife who believed in him and attached himself to a woman with money. A portrait appears on another page.

As a composer he seemed at first to those who listened to his works superficially to be as little French as he was in appearance. French art is nothing if not clear, precise, logical, defined. Debussy's music, on the other hand, was outwardly vague and chaotic.

He was born near Paris in 1862, and lived in that city, preparing himself at the Conservatoire, where he was a fellow-pupil with Edward MacDowell. When he won the Grande Prix de Rome at the Conservatoire with his cantata "L'Enfant Prodigue," he went to Italy, and from there sent to France two works characteristic of all his future compositions. These were "Spring" and "The Blessed Damozel." The French composers of that day sitting in judgment—and among them were Gounod, Thomas, Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Delibes, and Reyer—pronounced these works "insufficiently precise," and condemned them for "vagueness."

It is true that in Debussy's music there are no hard and definite lines. In this respect his music is like the painting of the Impressionists and has something in common with the sculpture of Rodin. It is a mistake, however, to regard Debussy's music as wholly lacking in precision, order, arrangement. A good painter or sculptor may clothe his figures in fleecy, shimmering robes; but he has first molded or painted the figure itself in accordance with the laws of anatomy. The skeleton of any one of Debussy's works is by no means a mere heap of bones.

Of all his works his opera "Pelléas and Mélisande" is the most famous; but it still stands practically unique among musical compositions for the stage. On the other hand, his works for orchestra and for the pianoforte have had great influence. He has gone as far as any one in his explorations into new fields of music; but he has gone off into quite another direction from the equally adventurous musical explorers in Germany. He seems never to forget that the goal of the artist is some kind of beauty.

Debussy's music will have lasting influence. It is likely, for example, to have an influence on pianoforte playing that may not unfairly be compared to Chopin's. His use of the whole-tone scale and his employment of novel harmonic devices has enlarged the resources of music, especially as a means of painting moods. Debussy, however, will never be counted among the greatest of composers. His artistic character was too limited to enable him to produce works to be counted among the masterpieces of musical literature. His music is never a voice from the depths or the heights. In life, as in art, Debussy lacked the roots that might have connected him with the goodness of Mother Earth and the lofty branches that could feel the winds of heaven. It may be that his music was as lovely in its way as an orchid; but to compare Debussy with César Franck is to compare an orchid with an oak.

CHILD PORTRAITURE

Portraits of children have a perennial appeal. The most attractive pictures Velasquez ever painted were those of little Spanish *infantas*, childlike and flowerlike despite their absurd hoopskirts.

In our time the painting of portraits of children has been attempted with success by such men as Sargent, Chase, and Alexander. This success has been added to by another and younger American painter, Maurice Fromkes. In his portraits of "grown-ups" we trace the influence of the old masters, Rembrandt, Hals, and the Italians—in the likenesses, for instance, of Cardinal Merry del Val, done in the Vatican, of Sir Edward Elgar, of Dr. Lyman Abbott, of the late Dr. Leipziger, of Madame Mazarin in her rôle of Electra, and of the composer Giuseppe Ferrata, whose portrait hangs in the present Fromkes Exhibition at the Reinhardt Galleries, New York City.

Alongside it, however, are a dozen portraits of children (illustrations of two of these may be found on another page) and some remarkable studies of still life. All reflect not only the painter's feeling for color but the general feeling for color at this special juncture in our art life—an instinct for what one might call robust color. Whether recent Russian stage performances have inspired this or whether the increasing appreciation of Oriental art with its lacquers and brocades—never mind.

And with the desire for a more robust, masculine color there has come a greater comprehension not only of its use as sheer decoration but also of any kind of decoration as a background for it. Of course this double appreciation with an artist like Fromkes, who understands children and how to "take" them, brings about striking results.

Let no one seek in his canvases for the atmospheric portraits of the type of those painted by the late George Frederick Watts, for instance, where the subjects are really *breathing* an atmosphere. But to him who wishes to see child characters well portrayed and heads strongly lighted, dominating no matter what gorgeousness of environing color, these portraits are certainly worth while.

FOOD MARKETING

On March 28 the Federal Food Administration reported that loyal farmers had informed State Administrators that certain German farmers were refusing to market any of their wheat. The Administrators have been asked to investigate these cases and to direct such persons at once to market their wheat. No publicity will be given to individual cases unless this

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specific direction is refused and it should become necessary to requisition such parcels on behalf of the Government. The Food Law authorizes such requisitioning.

It was also stated that wherever evidence supports suspicion that any withholding of food, on which may depend the outcome of the war, is due to disloyalty or profiteering, prompt action will be taken. Evidence obtained will be forwarded to Washington, where steps will be taken as the individual cases warrant.

While no general order requisitioning wheat has been sent out by the Food Administration, it has instructed the various State Food Administrators to appeal to farmers in the Middle and Southern States to market their residue of wheat after seed requirements by May 1, and in the extreme Northern States by May 15. This is in order to provide for the continuous shipment of wheat to our allies. We are much behind in our programme of cereal export to them.

With this condition confronting us, the Food Administration announced on March 29 that as a military measure it would request private homes to reduce wheat consumption to 1½ pounds per person per week. There is no reason why we cannot subsist perfectly well on less than 1½ pounds a week of wheat products. In all public eating-places the Food Administration will also rigidly enforce wheatless days (Mondays and Wednesdays); in addition, no person may be served at any one meal with an aggregate of breadstuffs, macaroni, crackers, pastry, pie, cakes, or wheat breakfast cereals containing a total of more than two ounces of wheat flour. Of course every intelligent person will respond to these necessary measures. Mr. Hoover has already received the personal assurance of several hundred hotel-keepers of their loyal adherence.

This means another increase in the use of substitutes for wheat. Fortunately, there are many, and one in particular to which the Food Administration draws special attention—potatoes. With improved transportation conditions the surplus of potatoes is now available. The object of their use is twofold: to save food for the Allies and to save the potatoes from going to waste. If the surplus potatoes of last year's crop are not used during the next fortnight, they will likely be counted as food loss. And just now, we may remember, every bit of food in the world is needed.

FOOD RATIONING

The beauty of the Food Administration's course is that there has been so little of the "You must" about it and so much of the "Will you?" That is the secret of its success. Occasionally we hear of the arrest of some ignorant restaurant-keeper, and now we have a warning to disloyal farmers. But a small display of force goes a great way. And the large display of politeness goes further.

Another reason for success is the broad-gauge character and reasonableness of the Food Administration's statements and exhortations. For instance:

> We do not need to starve our own people. We have plenty for ourselves, and it is the firm policy of the Food Administration to retain for our people, by its control of exports, a sufficient supply of every essential foodstuff. We want nobody in our country to eat less than is necessary for good health and full strength, for America needs the full productive power of all its people. Much of the needed saving can be effected by substituting one kind of food for another. But the time has come to put aside all selfishness and disloyalty.
>
> The Allies need wheat and meat and fats and sugar. They must have more of all of these than we have been sending, more than we shall be able to send unless we restrict our own consumption. We can do it without harm, for, as a Nation, we are to-day eating and wasting much more food than we need.
>
> The whole great problem of winning the war rests primarily on one thing: the loyalty and sacrifice of the American people in the matter of food. It is not a Government responsibility, it is the responsibility of each individual.
>
> Loyalty in little things is the foundation of the National strength. *Disloyalty in little things gives aid to the enemy.*
>
> Do not limit the food of growing children.
>
> Eat sufficient food to maintain health; the Nation needs strong people.
>
> Co-operate with your local and Federal Food Administrators. Take their advice.
>
> Preach and practice the "gospel of the clean plate."
>
> Housekeepers should help the stores to cut down deliveries.
>
> Use local supplies; this saves railroad transportation.

With the Federal Food Administration's approval, various States and cities have instituted special systems for food saving. That of New York—an admirable plan—is called the Honor System. Its adherents are furnished with the Federal Food Administration's Home Card, to be hung in the kitchen. Printed on the card are directions for wheatless and meatless days and also such statements as those above quoted. The adherents sign the following:

Pledge Card

NEW YORK'S HONOR SYSTEM FOR FOOD SAVING BY VOLUNTARY RATIONING

I promise the United States Food Administration to ration my household according to the regulations set forth in the RATION CARD.

_____

_____

STREET AND NUMBER

PLEASE MAIL THIS CARD, WITHOUT STAMP, PROMPTLY

Finally they sign the following:

RATION CARD

	Weekly Allowance Per Person.
FISH	
Oysters and sea food, all kinds	As much as necessary
POULTRY AND GAME	As much as necessary
MEAT	
Beef (fresh, salted, tinned, and hashed). Mutton, Lamb and Veal (Mutton by preference). Pork (the weekly allowance of pork per person should not exceed half a pound)	2½ lbs. gross weight
BUTTER	½ lb.
COOKING AND KITCHEN FATS	
Margarine, lard substitutes, such as corn, cottonseed, peanut and olive oils	Only as much as necessary
(We are also shipping these abroad.)	
WHEAT FLOUR	
For use in cooking, such as gravies and sauces. Use as far as possible corn starch, cracker dust, and bread crumbs)	½ lb.
(Remember that macaroni is made from Wheat Flour.)	
WAR BREAD	
Made according to regulations of Food Administration; *i.e.*, must contain at least 20% per unit of a substitute for wheat flour. 3 lbs. of bread require 2¼ lbs. of wheat flour	3 lbs.
SUGAR	
Including table use and in cooking, including candies and sweetmeats (not the sugar used for canning and preserving)	¾ lb.
NON-WHEAT CEREALS	
Corn meal, oatmeal, rice, hominy, barley, and rye	As much as desired
VEGETABLES AND FRUITS	
Fresh and dried	As much as desired
MILK	As much as necessary
(Children must have full allowance.)	
CREAM	Only as much as necessary
CHEESE	As much as desired

I promise the United States Food Administration to ration my household according to the regulations set forth in this card.

Signature_____

DELAYS IN THE MAILS

For some weeks past we have been calling attention, through a brief notice on the first page of The Outlook, to the fact that delays in the mails, both in New York City and on the railways, were responsible for the late delivery of The Outlook to many of our subscribers, although we were doing everything in our power to facilitate the mailing. Our readers may be interested in knowing some facts regarding the serious delays to which the publishers are subjected even before they are able to deposit subscribers' copies in the post-office and get them started on the way to their destination, whether it be New York City or California.

On Monday, March 18, a truck loaded with 186 bags containing copies of The Outlook left our bindery at twenty minutes after five o'clock in the afternoon for the post-office in the

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Kirby in the New York World

"LET 'EM ALL COME!"

UNDAUNTED

From the Evening News (London)

"I DID IT IN SELF-DEFENSE!"

THE PRUSSIAN'S EXCUSE

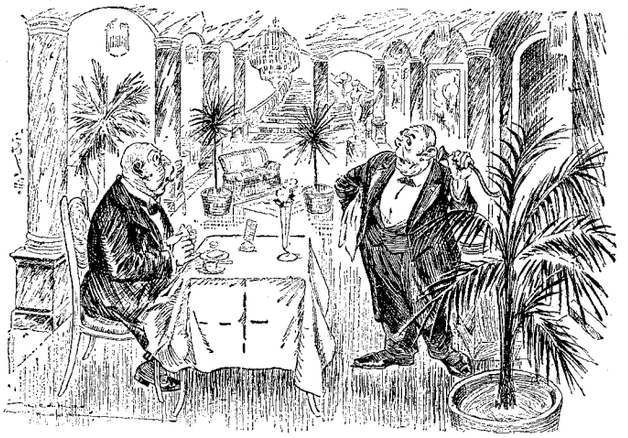
Whitelaw in the Passing Show (London)

"I come to ask if we can all be interned in one of the enemy camps?"

"But you are not German, are you, madam?"

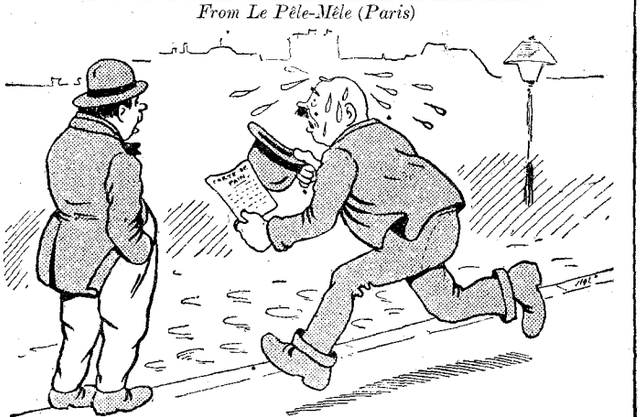
"Oh, no, we're English right enough. But I should like my children to get a few square meat meals!"

Brook in the Passing Show (London)



Waiter: "Your pat of magarine won't be long now, sir. I'm glad to learn that our messenger is only about three yards of queue away from the Stores counter!"

From Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris)



"Where are you going so fast, old man?"

"Hurrying to get my place on the bread line. I'm all in a sweat!"

"That's all right; we are told we must win our bread by the sweat of our brow!"

BRITISH AND FRENCH CARTOONS ON THE FOOD REGULATIONS

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Pennsylvania Terminal Station. It takes only one-half hour for the truck to reach the Pennsylvania Station after leaving the bindery. The congestion of mail matter was so great that the truck was obliged to remain in line with many other trucks similarly loaded with mail all of Monday night, and it was not until five minutes before noon on Tuesday that it was possible to have our mail weighed and unloaded. We took the matter up with the New York Postmaster, and in due course received a report from him which was substantially as follows: He stated that a careful investigation indicates that on account of the failure of the railway company to furnish sufficient cars to handle the matter as rapidly as it was received a blockade occurred in the publishers' wagons arriving at the Pennsylvania Terminal Station and resulted in a condition which it was not possible for his office to overcome. All second-class mail matter is weighed upon its arrival at the post-office in order to ascertain the amount of postage that shall be charged to the publisher. According to Postmaster Patten, the shortage of cars resulted in extreme congestion in the receiving department of the post-office, so that the incoming trucks were held up in line for hours until mail already accumulated could reach the trains.

The above incident was in connection with the mailing of our issue of March 20. On Thursday, March 21, a truck loaded with bags containing copies of the March 27 issue left our bindery at 3 P.M., and succeeded in making delivery to the post-office at 9:30 P.M., after a lapse of six hours and thirty minutes. Another truck leaving at 7 P.M. was less fortunate, and delivery was not accomplished until 2:20 A.M., March 22. On March 23 another lot was started from the bindery at 1:30 P.M. and delivered at the post-office at 10:15 P.M., a lapse of nearly nine hours. It required fourteen trips between the bindery and the post-office to complete the mailing of the March 27 issue. Each one of these fourteen trucks was obliged to stand in line anywhere from three to nine hours, so that the amount of time lost amounted in the aggregate to a little over sixty-six hours, only six hours short of three entire days. May we not, therefore, ask the indulgence of our readers under these trying conditions, which we are powerless to overcome, if their copy of The Outlook is sometimes late in its arrival?

THE GORE BILL

A Montana farmer writes to us:

> Senator Gore's bill to make the price of wheat at the farmers' market is the fairest proposition I have yet seen. The farmers did their best to increase their fall wheat acreage with the minimum price of $2. But . . . our President steps in and shatters our hope of a price that would cover the cost of production. Our crops were bad enough. Few in this section were better than mine. Most were poorer, and hundreds of acres were not cut at all. . . . Must the farmers be made to sacrifice all they have by limiting their prices while others grow rich?

In the present war there is special need of three products: coal, food, iron. To increase the production of the most needed food—wheat—the Government made a price last year of $2.20, and has done the same this year; this year's price being a compromise between $2, at which figure, according to last year's forecast, the price was to be in 1918, and $2.50, as desired by many farmers. Senator Gore's bill, which has passed the Senate, would guarantee farmers a minimum price of $2.50.

In its ultimate analysis, the whole question is, of course, whether price-fixing is wise or unwise. If wise, then those who administer the law have to work out some kind of economic scheme by which production will be increased and yet the consumer kept quiet. The Food Administration and the Department of Agriculture have supposed that they had worked out such a scheme. If price-fixing is unwise, we would then return to the natural ebb and flow of the laws of supply and demand.

There is no question about the fact that there has been considerable injustice to farmers in the working out of a price-fixing policy for the whole country, because the raising of wheat in one section costs more than it does in another section. If the Senators really thought that this was reason enough for abandoning price-fixing and returning to the laws of natural supply and demand, they could have voted to suspend executive action. But they did not. They voted to increase the price because they thought that, with all its evils, it would increase production, and we must have increased production to win the war.

If the Gore Bill should become law, however, its opponents say that there will be an increase in the price of flour of no less than $3 a barrel, which would mean a jump of twenty-five per cent in bread prices. These critics ask: Should the bread consumers—that is to say, all our people, as distinguished from the farmer class, representing fifteen per cent of the population—be forced to pay a fourth more for bread?

The papers report that, should the House of Representatives concur in the Senate vote, the President will veto the legislation. Doubtless the first and principal reason why Mr. Wilson may oppose the Gore Bill is because, as a matter of principle, he wants to consider the consumers first, among whom are to be counted the great industrial classes of the cities, and the producers second. In addition, Mr. Wilson may be moved by the rumors that some farmers are hoarding wheat in the hope of obtaining a still higher price.

A GENEROUS GIVER

In these days when many people are finding it a trying self-sacrifice to pay their income tax, to subscribe to Liberty bonds, to help the Red Cross, to aid in the Y. M. C. A. drive, to contribute to the Knights of Columbus, and have anything left to give in support of the organized efforts to alleviate suffering in France and Belgium, we should like to tell a little story that has come within the horizon of our own experience. During the last twenty-six months we have received from an employee of the Cleveland Post-Office twenty-six separate contributions, amounting in all to over seventy-five dollars. In each of his letters to us is inclosed three dollars, and in each one we are instructed to transmit one dollar to the American Ambulance in France, one dollar to the Serbian Relief Fund, and one dollar to the Fatherless Children of France. Here is one of his recent letters:

> *Gentlemen:*
>
> Please transmit the little amount I inclose to the following:
> $1.00 to the American Ambulance in France.
> $1.00 to Fatherless Children of France.
> $1.00 to the Serbian Relief Fund.
>
> As I am only a poor workman I am doing the best I am able to, and I regret every time I address you that I am unable to give more—much more.
>
> Very respectfully yours, (Signed) C. Z.,
> Cleveland, Ohio.
>
> P. S.—I love to read, but am unable to subscribe to magazines and must deny myself other pleasures and necessities. But I am doing my little bit to defeat the German pirates and murderers, and will remain in the ranks as long as I am able to work.

In another letter our correspondent says, in response to our information that we were transmitting his contributions to the proper societies: "I thank you from my heart for your kind services and if I was religiously inclined would say 'God bless you.'" If he were religiously inclined! What he has been doing is evidence of religion.

In reply to a letter of appreciation from us, he wrote another letter as follows:

> Your very kind and generous letter of the twentieth instant was received yesterday as I came home from work. I thought it was the usual acknowledgment of my little donation, but the contents proved a most pleasant and unexpected surprise. It certainly was one ray of bright sunshine so rare in my life, and what wonder that before I got through reading my eyes were moist. If I could only grasp your hand and press it to my heart. I thank you from the fullness of my heart, for reading is about the only pleasure I have; but the little I am able to do for the deserving sufferers should not expect reward, for that is the only religion I have.

A friend of The Outlook, a Cleveland banker, writes to us:

> I know the circumstances surrounding this Mr. Z. When the war first broke out, he came in and stated that he wanted to help and bought a hundred-dollar Anglo-French Bond, when I knew he could not afford to buy an overcoat. I even remonstrated with him to the effect that it was not his duty to buy those bonds, but he insisted that he must do his bit. I understand he has since then been sending a stipulated sum for relief.

This contributor bears a foreign name. We have not asked him about it, but we think it may be Polish, Bohemian, or a

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southern Slav name. We do not give our readers the name because we feel sure that he is acting upon the principle of not letting his right hand know what his left hand doeth. But his self-sacrificing generosity is an example to every loyal American.

THE UNITED ALLIES

FROM the beginning of the war the Central Powers have fought as a unit under a single General Staff, and with a unified and homogeneous plan of campaign. They could do this because Germany could impose her will on Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria, and those countries were glad enough to submit themselves to the superior knowledge and training of Germany.

The Allies, however, although working in sympathy and co-operation, have not fought as a unit. England, France, and Italy have had each its General Staff, its Commander-in-Chief, and sometimes each its plan of campaign. For months the military leaders of England and France, perhaps, too, of Italy, have felt that this division was a weakness. But a thorough military union has been hard to bring about. It required submission to authority and a yielding of personal prestige—two of the most disagreeable sacrifices that a nation can be called upon to make. Indeed, nations make such a sacrifice only in order to save their lives or their liberties. That is what has happened on the western front. England and France have found that in order to save their very existence they must unite under one General Staff and one Commander-in-Chief. The War Council at Versailles is the General Staff, and General Foch, the greatest strategist in France, is the Commander-in-Chief or Generalissimo.

The question is often asked why this has not been done before. The answer is found in a phase of human psychology displayed in the commonest relations of life and recorded in history running as far back as the very origins of civilization. Vigorous characters are reluctant to give up their authority. How many quarrels and breakdowns in family life, business life, church life, club life, and political life are due to this very human disinclination to yield on a question of personal prestige or authority! It requires bigness of character to make such submission for the common good, and Great Britain has again shown her bigness in loyally accepting the authority of a French Commander-in-Chief. General Pershing's offer of all our American troops to the French command is a similar testimony to America's determination to fight in big, generous, efficient manfashion.

This lesson of war unity was plainly taught in 1861–65 in our own Civil War. The South at the very outset chose her Commander-in-Chief and obeyed him, and during the first two years she was victorious. The North, however, was torn by dissensions and quarrels of personal prestige. General after general was tried and found wanting. The epistolary literature of the war is full of complaints of officers who chafed under the authority of their superiors.

But finally, in the spring of 1864, after the war had dragged on its weary length for three years, Grant was made Lieutenant-General, Commander-in-Chief, Generalissimo, and victories were won. General Sherman said that "it was not until after both Gettysburg and Vicksburg [both fought in the summer of 1863] that the war professionally began." And the following interesting passage from Rhodes's recently published one-volume history of the Civil War throws an interesting light on the crisis at the western front:

"Shortly before he [General Grant] began his May campaign Richard H. Dana saw him in Willard's Hotel, Washington, and described him as 'a short, round-shouldered man in a very tarnished major-general's uniform;' 'nothing marked in his appearance'—'an ordinary, scrubby-looking man, with a slightly seedy look.' Dana expressed his astonishment 'to see him talking and smoking in the lower entry of Willard's, in that crowd, in such times, the Generalissimo of our armies, on whom the destiny of the empire seemed to hang. But,' he went on, 'his face looks firm and hard, and his eye is clear and resolute, and he is certainly natural and clear of all appearance of self-consciousness.' Impressed with Grant's supremacy and his hold on the country, he broke out, 'How war, how all great crises, bring us to the one-man power!'"

THE PEOPLE'S WAR

At the front the men of the Allied armies have no illusion about the strength of Germany, but they have no thought for any end but victory.

This is a people's war, not merely a war of armies; we are all of us in the fight as a part of the indispensable reserves, and we have got to think, and talk, and act just as we would if we were at the front ourselves.

The soldier who talks about a drawn battle is not fit to fight. Neither is a citizen.

This German drive, of which we are seeing the beginning, makes weaklings quiver. It makes strong men exultant. It is a sign of strength in this country that this German drive is waking Americans up.

To win victory this country must unite solidly its force, its skill, and its wisdom. Neither political partisanship nor personal partisanship must block the effort. In this the President must lead the way.

To lead, the President must place ability, fitness, and patriotism above adherence to his party and his person. When he put General Wood, an admittedly great military leader, into an inferior position because of General Wood's early advocacy of that preparedness which the President now knows was eminently desirable, and when recently he refrained from calling upon General Wood upon his return from France to report to him personally at the first possible moment, the President failed in leadership. When, on the other hand, he sent Senator Root, a political opponent, to Russia, the President moved in the right direction.

In England, no sooner had the war broken out than the political leaders—Liberal, Conservative, Unionist, Home Rule, and Ulster—threw party politics to the winds. Parties still existed, different war policies were advocated, but partisanship in war matters was abandoned. Perhaps we cannot have a coalition Cabinet here; but we can at least have from the President due recognition of the fact that earnest and able men of the other party like Senator Lodge, to take only one instance, men who are heart and soul for the vigorous prosecution of the war, are not his personal enemies, and that to point out what steps taken are wrong is helpful to the country's cause and an act of patriotism. To suggest remedies for existing failures is not hostility. It was not disloyalty to President McKinley to bring to light the "embalmed beef" scandal; it is not hostility to President Wilson to point out that the Committee on Public Information has made false statements about airplanes.

Mr. Roosevelt never spoke a truer word than when in his speech in Maine the other day he declared:

> This is the people's war. It is not the President's war. It is not Congress's war. It is the war of the people of the United States for the honor and welfare of America and of mankind. It is the bounden duty of the Republican party to support every public servant, from the President down, in so far as he does good and efficient work in waging the war or helping wage the war, and to oppose him exactly to the extent of his failure to do such work; for our loyalty is to the people of the United States and to every public servant in exact accordance with the way in which he serves the public.

The right view of this matter is admirably expressed in an article by Professor George T. Ladd in the New York "Times" when he says:

> Let the red tape be cut; let partisanship be banished. . . . We must demand of our President and of our Government in all departments and operations bearing on this war the highest possible efficiency, utterly regardless of personal preferences, partisan considerations, the necessity of humiliating confessions of mistakes in the past, and the sacrifice of even a reasonable pride in past achievements, if these are to be employed in any manner or degree to cover up or atone for past deficiencies and mistakes.

What Mr. Roosevelt and Professor Ladd say applies to Democrats and Republicans alike. Blind partisanship is unpatriotic. It is as unpatriotic to try to stifle criticism that will help to correct errors in the prosecution of the war as it is to indulge in criticism that merely impedes.

At a football game the spectators are in no doubt as to the heartiness of the support of the team on the part of those who are shouting: "Get into the game! Why don't you put that

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ball across? What's the matter with you! Buck up!" And sometimes the moment comes when the supporters of the team in the earnestness of their support even shout, "Take him out!" That, as Dr. Powell, speaking on his tours under State Councils of National Defense (which he describes elsewhere in this issue), has pointed out, is what Americans must keep saying to their Government. And the Government can surely be in no doubt that those who are shouting to it to speed up are the most earnest supporters of the country's cause.

The enemies at home are not those who are showing the defects or urging haste, but are those who are talking about peace by negotiations, or about a stalemate, or about the British and French doing it all, or are harping on vain regrets, or are saying "Perhaps." There is no room in this free country for men or women who by their talk are robbing the people of their will to win and keep their freedom.

This is a people's war. It may take years, it may exact from us a terrible price for our past negligence; but it is going to end in the defeat of Germany.

Whatever is in store for us during this German offensive, we must keep our heads as steady as the British keep theirs and our hearts as high as French hearts.

We are freemen, fighting for liberty. We are not blind men to be guided, but freemen to be led. We want leadership, and whatever leadership will bring us to victory we will follow.

IN HOC SIGNO VINCES

On Palm Sunday, March 24, the Rev. S. De Lancey Townsend, D.D., rector of the Protestant Episcopal Church of All Angels, New York City, preached a sermon which, we think, must answer the perplexity of many men and women of faith who are wondering what the horrors of the great combat on the western front really mean.

We reprint a large part of this sermon here in place of an editorial article because it is what we also would say to those of our non-combatant readers who are often oppressed by the terrible vicarious sacrifice which is being made for us on the battle-lines:

"*Then saith Pilate unto him, Speakest thou not unto me? knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee, and power to release thee?*"—*John xix. 10.*

"*No man taketh it [my life] from me, but I lay it down of myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.*"—*John x. 18.*

"*This is your hour, and the power of darkness.*"—*Luke xxii. 53.*

The power of evil casts its shadow upon our path. Now is his hour and the power of darkness. In other years we may have asked questions concerning the experience of Jesus.

To-day we are interrogating our own experience. The ascendency of evil baffles us because we have put our trust in the good, and the fate of goodness perplexes us. Some are asking, "What is truth?" "What is goodness?"

Pilate is puzzled and perplexed.

Pilate was a product of a military *Kultur*.

Pilate was widely experienced in human beings of various countries and tongues and religions.

But this man puzzled him.

"Art thou a king?" he asked.

Pilate knew "kings" and thought he understood "power." He was vaguely conscious that this maltreated prisoner before him was possessed of power—a strange, mysterious sort of influence—and a personal poise characteristic of men of power.

He seemed to hope that in some fashion this person would exercise his mysterious power to extricate himself from his present peril. Time and time again he besought his prisoner to do something that would relieve Pilate from an unwelcome responsibility; and at last he seems to come to the conclusion that he was mistaken and that the man was, after all, but a harmless fanatic—a victim of a delusion.

Therefore the ruthless Roman finally feels that he can safely yield the foolish man to the fury of the mob.

Pilate respected physical force. He had only contempt for weakness. Weakness irritated him, and evoked resentment. He couldn't forgive weakness. The power to crucify was the supreme power in Pilate's eyes.

We can see that Pilate's *Kultur* was not perfected. His education was unfinished. It had never dawned on him that the greatest power in the universe is not the power to crucify, but the power to be crucified.

Pilate was a Prussian.

The war lord with his millions of trained fighters, his mammoth mortars, his biggest of all big guns, his unlimited stores of munitions, his flame-throwers, his murderous gases, his Zeppelins and his submarines, his perfected panoply of destruction, says to Albert of Belgium: "Art thou a king?"

Oh, the scorn of it! How can a man be "king" without the power to crucify?

We are just beginning to appreciate the Prussian. The world's Calvary is exposing the Prussian. The Prussian has a God and a religion and a philosophy. But until the world came to the "place of a skull" it vainly assumed that "God" and "goodness" and "truth" meant the same in all languages and to all peoples—even to the Prussian.

But now we remember that the Passion Play was not a Prussian product. Now we learn, in the revealing light of the world war, that "truth" and "goodness" are to the Prussian simply terms which are synonymous with physical comfort and convenience. To the Prussian truth and goodness rest for their authority upon the power to "crucify." Their content rests on physical force. They mean what military power makes them mean. They are not spiritual verities, as with the rest of the world.

There are no "spiritual" beings in Prussian thought. "God" is but a term to typify national purpose, national character, national genius. The Prussian God has never ceased to be from barbaric days the God with the hammer—Thor—the terrible destroyer. The war lord never once refers to God as revealed in Jesus Christ. To the war lord, as to Pilate, Jesus is but a poor fanatic, an idealist, doomed to inevitable defeat and destruction in a world of materialism.

Prussia has been worshiping a God who could delight in crucified Canadians, ravished women, and murdered infants. We didn't know it until the world came to the "place of a skull."

Prussia worshiped a God who could approve the poisoning of wells, the dissemination of disease germs in neutral countries, the infection and the return of infected prisoners.

Prussia worshiped a God who could bless the utter disregard of treaties and the plighted word. Prussia asks, with Pilate, "What is truth?" Prussia says, with Pilate, "Truth is determined by the power to crucify."

That is the basis of Prussian power. It looks upon men and women as mere animals, whose highest satisfactions are met by warm clothing, comfortable housing, clean streets, plenty of food, plenty of parks and music, plenty of pensions for unemployed and sick and aged. As long as the people have these they will be docile; animals will rebel from bodily hunger, but not for freedom, not for truth.

But the All Highest Hun reveals himself when his Lucifer Ludendorff declares: "We have three hundred thousand men whom we are willing to throw away in an offensive for such and such a position." I call him "Lucifer" because he lets in light for even the dulled optics of the German masses, who will presently be moved to inquire of him (after they first inquire of themselves), "Who gave these men to you to use as mere cannon fodder for your personal purposes? How is it that it is always we who must be slaughtered, while the shadow of death never comes nigh you or your sons? After all, are we not paying rather a high price for clean streets, comfortable houses, warm clothes, and six meals a day, with pensions for sickness and old age? If we are slaughtered for your holiday, what satisfaction do these privileges provide?"

Some one says: "War is not hell so much as it is an occasion for the display of pre-existing hell in human souls which was matured before the conflict began." Calvary shows up Pilate and it shows up Christ.

So to-day men and women and nations are being revealed by the light from the cross. Prussia and the pacifists are perplexed, as Pilate was perplexed, because the son of man in France, the son of man in Serbia, the son of man in Italy,

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and in Japan and China, and in England and America, will not bow down to the power to crucify.

We have professing Christians among us to-day who say: "Let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe him and accept him. Let us have peace. Let us end this terrible bloodshed and suffering and expenditure of money."

Then there are others who say, "To go on is suicide. If this war goes on, none of us will have any property whatever. Think of the taxes already!"

Then there is the man who says, frankly, "We're beaten; why not admit it? Germany has the brains, she has the training, she now has resources, and Europe is at her mercy. I have thought all along that our part in this conflict was foolishness. I am a materialist, I believe that materialistic efficiency is more than a match for the moonshine of idealism. Don't throw money and life away for an idea. Accept facts."

Are *you* willing to sit down at a council table with those who have wrecked every precious and hard-won achievement of the human soul through the toil of thousands of years?

Are *you* willing to accept the dictates of diabolism to secure creature comfort?

Are *you* willing to accept the power to crucify as supreme?

From such a one let us turn to the trenches and hear the glorious and inspiring and uplifting testimony of the tired, begrimed, wounded, battered, and dying, but not defeated, sons of men. "No man taketh our lives from us, but we lay them down of ourselves. We have power to lay down our lives, and we have power to take them again."

They have seen the spirit of evil and his works. They have met him, and they are absolutely certain of victory. They have found that the supreme power is not the power to crucify, but the power to *be* crucified, and to meet crucifixion with a cheer. "*In hoc signo vinces.*"

The other day there came a fateful telegram to a fond father whose boy had been among our first to volunteer as an aviator, in France.

As the scrap of yellow paper fell to the floor that father's uplifted eyes were filled with tears, but his whole countenance was illumined with joy as he triumphantly exclaimed: "He's won!"

> "O happy boy, you have not lost your years!
> You lived them through and through in those brief days
> When you stood facing death! They are not lost!
> They rushed together as the waters rush
> From many sources; you had all in one.
>
> Why should we mourn
> Your happiness? You burned clear flame, while he
> Who treads the endless march of dusty years
> Grows blind and choked with dust before he dies,
> And dying goes back to the primal dust,
> And has not lived so 'long' in those long years
> As you in your few, vibrant, golden months
> When, like a spendthrift, you gave all you were!"

"GOD AIN'T DEAD YET!"

The Happy Eremite invaded the domain of Maria, the cook, on his way to the cellar to attend to the furnace. Invading the kitchen with Maria in it was not the ordeal that it was under the government of despots less benevolent—Lena, the Finn, for instance, or Carrie, the Anarchist. For Maria was a colored lady from West Virginia, a relic of an age dead and gone, when the hired girl was a part of the family and loved every member of it, and when no man had yet frantically drawn the attention of his fellow-citizens to the fact that time is money. Time was neither money nor anything else to Maria. She had a way of rising at four or five or six in the morning and working until ten or eleven or twelve at night, taking her meals when she was hungry and sleeping when she was tired. She was generally tired at dish-washing time, and had a way of sitting down at the kitchen table and dropping to sleep for an hour or two, while the dishes waited and the Lady Eremite wrung her hands in despair.

Time, it happened, was a word not in her lexicon. For the Lady Eremite, who had a prejudice in favor of prompt meals, this lack was a frequent source of sighing and helpless lifting of hands. She had to tell herself more often than she liked that a kind heart, after all, was more than promptitude, a reflection of which the Happy Eremite reminded her at intervals when her efficiency as a housewife threatened to overwhelm her appreciation of Maria's qualities as a human being.

For the Happy Eremite liked Maria. She was a slight, agile person with a mouth that could have surrounded a popover without denting it anywhere. Her indifference to time, which had a way of gently wrecking the nice calculations of the Lady Eremite, had served her, on the other hand, to good effect in defying time's ravages. She never told how old she was, but it took no mathematical genius, adding the years she said she had been in this place and the years she had been in that, to calculate that she must be moving toward sixty. She might have been anything between forty and seventy.

The Happy Eremite had always found it rather pleasant, on the way to the furnace, to stop a minute for a friendly exchange of courtesies. Maria did not read the papers. Maria did not read anything. Maria did not know how to read. So the Happy Eremite always gave her the news, with a bit of banter thrown in. But on this particular evening he did not feel like quips and levity.

The news from France was like a cold hand clutching his heart.

"There's a terrible battle going on, Maria," he said, rather solemnly.

"Who's doin' it?"

"The Germans."

"Humph!" grunted Maria. She was shaking the fire, and the Happy Eremite was not certain whether the savage exclamation was directed at the enemy or at a stubborn clinker.

"They're pushing right ahead," he went on.

"What's the others doin'? The French an' the Spanish an' them?"

"The English, you mean?"

It was one of Maria's qualities which jangled the Lady Eremite's nerves most that she would never admit that she had been wrong.

"Spanish or English, have it your own way," she muttered under her breath. "Amounts to the same thing."

"Well, we'll call them the English," he went on. "The Germans are coming for them along a fifty-mile front. That means that along a section of the English line as long as from here to New York there's a cannon every ten or twelve feet and a million Germans rushing forward with bayonets."

Maria laid aside the shaker and stood erect. There was a troubled look in her black eyes. "Say, boss, I sure am glad I ain't no soldier tryin' to stop 'em."

"It's a terrible business."

She drew her brows together. "Ain't it the truth!" she exclaimed.

"The Germans want to get to Paris," he went on. "They don't seem to care how many men it costs them. They are sending men by thousands and hundreds of thousands right into our guns, but it's taking thousands and hundreds of thousands of men to hold them back even a little while. They say two hundred thousand on our side are wounded or dead."

Maria lifted her head, and there was a look about her huge mouth and behind the sharply contrasted black and white of her eyes that seemed strange and out of place there, a look of grave exaltation that made a little old colored lady from West Virginia suddenly a person of dignity and power.

"God ain't dead yet!" she snapped.

There was a curious mingling of rebuke and defiance in her voice—rebuke for the Happy Eremite, who had allowed his faith to waver, defiance toward the far-away enemy threatening her country.

The Happy Eremite looked at her and felt a little ashamed of himself for his exhibition of dismay.

"Right you are, Maria," he said, softly.

"Jest you believe it," she muttered, turning to the sink and talking more to herself than to him. "The trouble is when folks git scared they forget that God's alive."

The Happy Eremite proceeded to the furnace, threw on a shovelful of coal, opened the draught, and took to pacing up and down the cellar floor while he waited for the coal gas to burn off. He was trying to recall the words of a story he had loved as a boy. "'*They that be with us are more than they that be with them*,'" he murmured. "That's it. And then Elijah or

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Elisha or somebody 'opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: *and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.*'"

He closed the draughts and turned off the cellar light.

"God ain't dead yet," he cried, swearing grimly to himself. "God ain't dead yet."

WHY ARE THE SOUTHERN SLAVS ANTI-GERMAN?

BY PIERRE DE LANUX

"AS regards the internments, they are nothing but wholesale massacre. Merely from the region occupied by Austria-Hungary more than 150,000 Serbian subjects (civilians only) have been interned, including several thousands of old men over sixty years of age, several thousand women, and even children from eight to fifteen years. . . . About thirty per cent have died up to the present of hunger and of cold. The sufferers devour the grass they find along the hedges, although this kind of food is strictly forbidden. . . .

"Several Austro-Hungarian doctors attached to the camps declined to see more than ten patients a day, at a time when the death rate in the camps was from twenty to thirty a day.

"The whole method of the Austrian administration is directed by the inexorable purpose of exterminating the last remnants of the Serbian people." (From the Memorandum to the Russo-Hollando-Scandinavian Committee of the Socialist Party at Stockholm.)

"This memorandum is not a work of hate. It is a cry of distress. . . . What is needed is that at least the Socialists of the Central Empires should know and should act." (C. Huysmans, Secretary of the Socialist International Bureau.)

The Socialists of Germany have known these things for two years, and have done nothing. There was an easy opportunity for them of putting elementary human principles into practice, of coming to the rescue of a stricken group, without even being disloyal to their Kaiser. Relief work only was wanted. But German liberals do not put their principles into practice.

In the case of Armenia, they could claim that distance prevented them from interfering efficiently. But Serbia lies only a few hours from Vienna and Berlin, and the southern Slav race begins at Marburg and Klagenfurt, where the German ends. I consider that German liberals have shut their eyes because German interest demanded the annihilation of the Serbian race.

Nobody is more opposed than I am to wholesale accusations based on local instances. Still, when performed on such a scale, atrocities become a historical factor, a lasting drawback to pacification. What understanding will be possible between the people of Germany and the Yugoslavs after these deeds?

The world war had its direct origin in the fact that Austria-Hungary, decaying and old, wanted to inflict on Serbia a punishment for being young and prosperous. The example given by Serbian freedom and vitality was dangerous for the millions of southern Slavs incorporated by force in the Austro-Hungarian Empire. These subject people were beginning to envy the fate of their independent brothers from Serbia and to agitate for liberty. This is why Austria waged war (it is strange how many people still fail to see in this a sufficient cause for the conflict).

The Yugoslav spirit was in opposition to German ambitions in the southeast, and the Germans soon discovered that this opposition was irreconcilable and growing as education and national consciousness developed among the Yugoslav race, in spite of all efforts to prevent it.

Before 1914 there had been many episodes of persecution in Bosnia, Dalmatia, and Croatia, and the best known is the famous Agram trial in 1908, when the Hungarian administration was shamefully exposed to the world for having practiced forgery in the prosecution. I traveled through Bosnia some time before the war, and, although the Austrians had occupied the country for thirty years, it all looked as if they had just conquered it. There was nothing but military occupation, strategic railways, officers haughtily aloof from the population, and I remember an old merchant of Sarajevo who refused to sell anything to me because I had talked to him in German.

The real war of extermination against the Yugoslavs began in 1914 with the tragic and ludicrous ultimatum of July 23. Serbia submitted to terms which Vienna had thought unacceptable, and then Austria-Hungary did the incredible thing of declaring war on a nation after it had already yielded.

Austria-Hungary alone proved incapable of "punishing" Serbia. The invading army was repulsed after a crushing defeat. It needed the help of Germany and Bulgaria, in 1915, to break the indomitable little nation. But in the meantime oppression went on against the Yugoslav subjects of the Empire with an untold cruelty. More than one hundred and twenty thousand people were deported to the interior of Hungary in order to eradicate the national element. The documents we have on that policy of suppression could fill a heavy book; these are only a few cases. An engineer at Trebinje saw thirty-seven persons taken to the gallows at one time; six women were among them. A military driver told of once crossing a road where from every tree there hung a corpse. A high priest enjoying much consideration was hanged in the market-place. On the road from his prison the old man sang popular Serbian songs; at the last minute he addressed the people who formed a circle and said: "Look, and remember how the Serbians die!" Then he put the rope around his own neck.

At the Vienna Parliament a Yugoslav Deputy, Tresic-Pavisic, who had been able to escape torture, made appalling revelations:

"All the educated and decent people were arrested, interned, ruined, condemned, executed. Anybody too young or too old had to starve, and the rest were stricken with terror, demoralized, dishonored.

"At Mostar, at Doboj, at Arad, where the patriots were interned, the jailer, Gaspar Scholier, chose the hostages that were to be executed later. Only with money could he be appeased. The victims were chosen during the night. The hideous figure of Scholier, surrounded by bayonets, came silently in. In these nights of terror more than one prisoner's hair turned white. Those who wanted to live on had to show by the movement of their hands how many bank notes they were worth."

Interminable, monotonous, is the list of horrors. I do not speak of the ghastly deeds of Austro-Hungarian fighting troops in Serbia, which Dr. Reiss, from Switzerland, recorded in his famous report. I speak of the regular administration in regions peopled by Yugoslavs, within or without the Empire.

This is not local. It is happening over an area which is approximately the size of England. The Parliaments and the press have known of it, although the censorship tried to hide the most shameful facts. For I have told only of what political oppression did in a spirit of fear, seeing revolt everywhere, among students, among children, and striking blindly on all sides. But the worst was done in occupied Serbia by systematic administration, through police and army forces, when the men from Austria-Hungary tried to get rich as quickly as they could, when private confiscation existed under all forms, each officer enjoying an uncontrolled power to seize and take away anything he pleased. The rate of exchange for Serbian money was forcibly depreciated for the purpose of speculation. In France the Prussians were famous for carrying away the clocks. In Serbia the Austrians carried away everything. Protests? The freedom of opinion is such that any printing is forbidden, even that of menu cards. Every man, woman, or child must salute any Austrian officer or policeman. Two students of the University of Belgrade were condemned to receive seventy-five blows with a stick for failing to salute a petty officer in a car. In that city a certain Lieutenant Wiedmann enjoys unlimited power over the lives and liberties of all the inhabitants. Several thousand people have been interned by his orders.

The courts do not prevent robbing. They legalize it. They deal with human life with great indifference, and on the deposition of secret agents of the lowest class. As an instance, the shooting or hanging of thirty-five peasants with the schoolmaster

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Glishitch and the imprisonment of two hundred and fifty men and women in the village of Ramatya (district of Gruja).

The memorandum of Stockholm, from which we quote this, contains thirty pages of similar facts.

As for the part of Serbia occupied by the Bulgarians, the memorandum, although it draws an academic distinction between the rulers and the people of Bulgaria, says that conditions are much worse and more cruel there, and that the inhabitants are envying the fate of their kinsmen under Austrian administration.

The Germans have pretended and declared that the Serbians were in a backward condition, and that they were going to benefit from a higher *Kultur*. The truth is that Serbia, although not rich, had an evenly distributed wealth and a perfectly democratic Constitution, and was in advance of Bosnia and Transylvania, for instance, as far as prosperity, education, etc., are concerned. Now she is reduced to such distress that only rapid and efficient help can save her valiant population from further destruction. Only one Swiss and one American mission have gone there since the occupation, and visitors from Bohemia who helped to expose those ignoble and stupid methods of administration.

A conclusion has to be drawn. It is that the thieves and hangmen from Vienna, Budapest, and Sofia have signed their own condemnation. Now the Yugoslav party has joined the Czechoslovaks in an uncompromising claim for independence. Enough children, enough women, have escaped to rebuild a new Yugoslav generation which will be more irreconcilable to Germanism than that which is dying in our cause.

Martyrs do not die in vain. To-day the world is aware that it will know no rest as long as dissatisfied races have to suffer under German rule and exploitation. After that rule is thrown off peace will come. Also restorations, indemnities. And international understanding as well, when Germany ceases to be the drawback.

But if you hear, in the time to come, that a retired lieutenant of police, or a retired hangman, or a retired archduke, has been killed like a dog by a war orphan who has grown up, you will not have to wonder why.

This article will be followed next week by one on the spirit and characteristics of the Serbian people. The author is Dr. Vesnitch, Serbian Minister to France, who recently visited this country as chief of the Serbian War Mission to the United States. Dr. Vesnitch is a well-known and widely honored Serbian statesman.—THE EDITORS.

AT THE FRONT IN INDIANA

BY LYMAN P. POWELL

A nation of a hundred million people cannot be easily or quickly moved. The vigor with which Americans have sustained their Government in this war by acquiescence in the draft, by a cheerful payment of taxes, by a lavish lending of their money, and in many other ways, has been extraordinary; but a nation's morale depends upon the depth and power of the people's convictions; and everywhere there are to be found apathists and aliens, and not everybody is informed as to the real, fundamental issues for which this country is fighting. There has therefore been instituted a non-partisan, non-sectarian movement to bring people together in mass-meetings, and to disseminate among them information about the war. The campaign for this patriotic education throughout the country has already begun in real earnest.

One of the speakers, the President of Hobart College, is Dr. Lyman P. Powell. After returning from campaigns in Indiana, Minnesota, Missouri, and Maryland, and just as he was about to take part in a campaign in Kentucky, he has given us some first-hand impressions of his experiences in Indiana. In that State speakers on behalf of this cause reached a million people, and left a pivotal State solid for the winning of the war.

Among those who took part were Dr. Powell, Mr. Everett Colby, of New Jersey, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, President of Leland Stanford University, Mr. Julius Lincoln, Mr. Edwin F. Trefz, Dr. W. J. McGlothlin, and Dr. Alexander Cairns. They spoke under the auspices of the State Council of Defense, which, like all other State Councils of Defense, is working in conjunction with the Council of National Defense at Washington. Dr. Powell in the following article gives some pictures of America in war time which we believe will be not only of immediate but also of permanent interest.—THE EDITORS.

"THE trenches for me!" said one of our soldiers as for a month we circled round and round, speaking in the public interest. Eighty-seven war conferences were held, covering almost every county in Indiana. Scarcely a cross-roads in the State but felt their impact. There were several of us civilians and soldiers who were starred because we had been "over there," while there were perhaps a score of local speakers of great ability who dealt with the technical problems of the campaign.

Days of speaking were followed by nights of traveling in day coaches, which sometimes gave no chance for sleep. Atomizers, mufflers, and fur-lined overcoats bore witness to the care some of the speakers took of themselves, with the thermometer for twenty-six days in succession at zero or below.

"Sure," the clerk said when I asked for a room with a bath and left orders that I should not be called until noon. But the tub was in the middle of the room. It was the coldest day in winter. The tub matched the day. The clerk called me at eleven instead of twelve to meet the County Committee, and then it was for me a succession of speeches on various aspects of the war, leading up to the long address in the evening, at the great mass-meeting in the Coliseum, when I made the special plea to think of nothing but the war, to stand behind the Government, to prepare to rebuild and re-educate a world once it is redeemed from pre-primitive autocracy.

Always, whoever spoke, it was the comprehensive view that won the audience. Always it was the conception of responsibility to our allies as well as to ourselves that gripped the heart. Always it was the plea to recognize that the time had come for us to take a share in dying, if need be, that those may live who have been dying these years past that we may live. Always the supreme word was "*noblesse oblige*."

To how many we spoke in those four weeks no one will ever definitely know. A conservative estimate placed the number at one million, and with the after-meetings still in progress in school-houses and at crossroads, practically all of Indiana's two and a half millions will have had the war brought overseas to them and their duty laid upon their conscience.

The State Council of Defense left nothing to chance. Under the leadership of the man with the magic touch, Mr. Will H. Hays, new Chairman of the Republican National Committee, and Dr. John J. Pettijohn, efficient head of the Speakers' Bureau, everything was planned out with prevision. To be sure, now and then some speaker disappointed a committee, an occasional throat gave out for the time, and even pneumonia threatened one trench-hardened soldier. There may have been some errors in detail, but there were also largeness of vision and singular capacity to meet emergencies. Institutions like the State University, Purdue, Notre Dame, and the State Normal helped with understanding and efficiency. The Hoosiers know how to get things done.

There were aliens to convert. I was told that I should find some down at Evansville. That luncheon of the Rotary Club, in the beautiful hotel overlooking the Ohio River, was a revelation to me. German names there were in great abundance, but there also were at the close of the meeting American handclasps and assurances that Evansville is loyal. Among all cities in the country it must have distinction, for James Bethel Gresham, the first American to go "over the top" and to fall on the soil of France, lived here, and his mother says: "My sorrow is made easier to bear by the knowledge that my boy did his full duty for our country in her time of need."

There is a way to talk to German-born who still have dreams of a "fatherland" which Prussianism has killed. It is not difficult to visualize for them a new fatherland beneath the Stars and Stripes, in this country where long ago God said: "I am tired of kings, I suffer them no more."

As for the speakers of English birth, their habit was to praise

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the French. The French speakers in turn never lost a chance to emphasize the valor and the chivalry of their allies. Of course I heard criticisms of the Administration, but none offered in dishonor or disdain. All criticism resolved itself at last into a democratic desire to know as much as could be told without giving aid and comfort to the enemy. The Hoosiers simply want the confidence of Washington.

One night when an officer loaned by one of the Allies had finished his simple, moving story of "trench life" the audience that packed the Coliseum to its utmost rose as one to emphasize the solidarity of our war against the enemy and sang with all their might—

"Blest be the tie that binds."

Kendallville and Ligonier will always have a warm spot in my memory. At Kendallville I was to change cars for Ligonier, but the train was six hours late. The thermometer spurned zero as the gray day darkened into night, and then went below. There was no auto and no sleigh was to be procured. I tried to get an engine from the nearest junction, and in that I failed. Ligonier was eighteen miles away, across snow-drifts deep in places, and the cold was too biting for a walk so long.

The long-distance telephone was a godsend. The county chairman called back to me across the drifts at half-past seven: "The house is packed. Come on when you can. We will hold them till you come." Then till nine we had an extemporized meeting in Kendallville, and when I reached Ligonier at 10:15 my audience was there—all there.

My fellow-speakers from beyond the State will not think me unappreciative of them if I say that when it comes to public speaking Indiana needs no immigrants. Both men and women Hoosier speakers are of a high type; but, as a county chairman said to me, "The people want to hear you men who have been over there." In consequence, we were usually expected to speak longest, and the courtesy of our local associates never failed. They cared too much for the cause to have any personal feeling. It may not matter much to them, but it matters much to some of us, to whom they showed consideration, that we shall always, after that experience, have a special place in our regard for Hoosiers.

Seldom did the speakers from outside the State have opportunity to hear one another. In the brief intervals, however, between our speaking, when we were traveling slowly from one point to the other or were having hasty dinners under the same roof, we had our good times in exchanging stories and experiences. Sometimes we were under the same roof with National celebrities, and Mr. Everett Colby, at one place, informed me with assumed awe that the man with his feet on the rail was Wallace the showman, and that Pete Jackson, sometime hero of the prize ring, would black my boots.

Lieutenant MacQuarrie, pipe in mouth and note-book in hand, portable typewriter near for his secretary's use, was mapping out with me our afternoon schedule. In his jolly and persuasive manner he implored me to let him speak in the opera-house while I spoke in the church. He seemed to think that his "trench talk" would go better on the stage than in the pulpit. After we had finished, and the audience in each house wanted more, the chairman shifted us, and my last glimpse was of the lieutenant, with a rueful face, carrying his "trench talk" to the church, while I was speeding to the opera-house.

There were two days beyond description. I arrived at Bloomington one Sunday night, barely in time to reach the auditorium where the meeting was beginning, with a crowd outside so large that the chairman, on my arrival, thought it best to change the meeting to the biggest auditorium in town, where twenty-five hundred people used up every inch of space and needed more.

As I went to bed at eleven I told the hotel clerk to call me the next morning in ample time to catch the train at 3:55, so that I might speak some hours away that afternoon in Indiana's "Switzerland." As our train drew down to Madison among the "knobs," crowned by gigantic trees, with the water toppling over "Clifty Falls," and valleys even in the winter sheering off into surpassing beauty, the shade of Lincoln seemed to hover over us. The Lincoln spell was on the farmers who came out to hear the war discussed. There were real Lincoln types—tall, lean, thoughtful, serene, patient, tolerant, forgetful of self in the preservation of peace. The chairman told my soldier friend and me that we might expect a large "turnout" of farmers. He was conservative. The halls were filled to overflowing. Antiquated buggies lined the curbstone. Beards and top-boots walked the streets. The make-weight of democracy was there in all solemnity. They listened. When they had the chance, they questioned. They wanted to know. They were making up their minds that in the land which Lincoln saved democracy must get ready to strike Lloyd George's "knock-out blow" to autocracy and the world become all democratic.

It was not at Madison—but it might have been—that word came of the torpedoing of the Tuscania. The presiding officer grimly announced that "a boy from this county was on that boat," and I realized then that America is now like Milton's strong man, waking out of sleep and shaking his puissant locks to carry Gaza's gates away and make an end to war.

North Vernon lay beyond the hills. Twenty-three miles intervened. The Bureau had decreed that I was to speak there in the evening, and to North Vernon I was bound to go. But no train was running. The thaw was setting in. "You will never make it," said one who thought he knew. But there are always autos, even in the land of Lincoln, and relays of autos were arranged by telephone. Two chauffeurs drove each car. Because of slush and mud the valleys were as difficult to cross as the snow-clad hilltops. Twice our auto stuck, and not even the younger of our chauffeurs was quite confident, but we drove through. Once we clipped a big slice from a five-foot bank of snow which impudently barred our way.

The stream George Rogers Clarke in 1778 waded, on his way to snatch Vincennes from British hands, was overflowing both its banks, and we had a pretty drive, a memorable drive, for a few minutes through water two feet deep, with even chances whether we should go out with the maddened torrent down to the Ohio or go on to North Vernon. We went on, and when we reached North Vernon the time to speak had come. The moving-picture house was packed. The street outside was dense with those who wanted to get in. We could not force our way through such a crowd. The chairman, in collusion with the owner of the house adjoining, took me through by the "back way." The mud and water, almost up to our shoe tops, were unwelcome, but we reached the stage at last. Anybody can speak when such enthusiasm awaits him for the sake of what he represents.

At Lafayette I had the honor of speaking with the President of the Monon Railroad, the Belgian Commissioner, and Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, of Chicago, whose attitude was so properly judicial that he left nobody outside of the insane asylum anything to say to justify our foe; and the Purdue University band punctuated the good speech by playing "Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile."

The Hoosiers talk. They read. They make you feel at home. They never bristle. They are folks. What they know, they know; and when they do not know, they candidly admit their ignorance. Said one aged man to me at midnight, with a chuckle in his voice, "Last summer I thought I knew how to run this war. I said so pretty freely until I ran up against a man who knew more than I, and ever since I have known enough to keep my mouth shut."

Mr. Samuel Hopkins Adams may be right in pointing to the menace afforded by the truly large foreign population, the workings of whose minds we do not always understand. Perhaps the Secret Service has its problems with a few of them, but my experience in Indiana, confirmed since in other Middle Western States, leads me to assume such patriotism in the average man as needs no questioning. At any rate, this proper assumption brought out declarations of loyalty where else there might have been no word.

Professor Mütterer, of the State Normal School of Indiana, certainly spoke for the great mass of German-born when he said in public, of his own accord:

> I am not ashamed of my German name or German blood, but I feel deeply aggrieved against the German military party, the German Imperial Government, Prussianism, and the unholy German arrogance which made good blood and a good name a challenge to the world and has discredited the spiritual contributions of old Germany. I believe the great majority of the Americans of German descent feel the same intense grievance

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toward this dire Power. What is in me I shall do when my country calls. I shall not regard it a sacrifice, only a duty and a righteous debt I want to pay.

It was at the last great mass-meeting that I had an extraordinary illustration of the new religious unity the war has brought. When, in the early dark, the train deposited me at the station, the local committee met me, led by its chairman, Father Dhé, the parish priest, a Frenchman, who less than twenty years ago lived in the Vimy and Lens region, where his relatives have suffered in this war. I stayed under his hospitable roof

FATHER DHÉ

through the night. He poured out a torrent of interesting talk. He was an inspiration. He understood the effect of the war on the deeper life of the world. I discovered that when coal grew scarce in his community, and all the churches in Fowler had to close, he opened to them all "Casey" Hall in his parish house. The visit was like turning back to France. There were the same French buoyancy, the same French hospitality, the same delicious French cooking which perhaps Americans will learn from our dear friends across the sea.

My soldier boy. The car was crowded. In the seat ahead of me, chubby of face, light of hair, merry of spirit, sat a young soldier, one of the first to represent us on the field of honor, and with both legs badly damaged last August. The bone of the right ankle, splintered as it is, has baffled all the skill of doctors on each side of the ocean, and he was on his way to a great hospital for a last try to save his life.

Every jolt of the car hurt. He was never free from pain. He knew that he might lose his leg within two days, but he smiled as he said to me, "They can take it off if they like." The little children came across the aisle to play with him. He sang along the way. The high notes of "Swanee River" gave him trouble. With "Tipperary" he dashed gallantly along. He could "Keep the Home Fires Burning." He certainly knew how to pack up his troubles in his old kit bag and smile, smile, smile.

We talked and talked. He said nothing about pacifism, though he had fought for peace. He had no word of hate for those who had inflicted all that hurt upon him. The holy magnitude of our country's task was clear to him, and he was too good a soldier to waste energy in idle comment or in bitterness.

As I left the car I hoped that he would have a comfortable night, and his voice rang out cheerily: "I'm all right. My leg always hurts. But what's the use of worrying about it?"

One last look, and a "Good-by, soldier boy," to him. But even after I had set foot on the step his voice came ringing merrily, "Good-by, sir, and good luck to *you*."

I do not know whether he is living as I write these words, but I do know that whether he still lives or not he has done his "bit." He has made it impossible for any right-minded man, woman, or child not to do his utmost, if only to keep pace with our soldier boys like him, who from our colleges the whole land over may soon be counted among those of whom even the Cherubim must soon be singing:

"Let there be laughter and a merry noise
Now that the fields of heaven shine
With all these golden boys."

25,000,000 SUBSCRIBERS TO THE THIRD LIBERTY LOAN

HOW TO GET THEM

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

EDITOR OF "COMMERCE AND FINANCE"

AS I write, some three hundred thousand men and women composing the various Liberty Loan Committees are waiting for the 6th of April to inaugurate the campaign for the sale of the third bond issue made necessary by the war. The amount offered is $3,000,000,000, but the Secretary of the Treasury has announced that any over-subscription will be accepted, and, unless good judges are mistaken, the over-subscription will be large. The bonds will bear interest at the rate of 4¼ per cent, and the provision that they may not be converted into a later issue is generally construed to indicate that the Government does not expect that it will be necessary to pay a higher rate of interest on any subsequent loans it may make. The term for which the bonds will run is not yet announced, but it is generally expected that they will mature in twenty-five or thirty years and be redeemable ten years before maturity. They are to be issued in denominations of $50, $100, $500, and $1,000.

The subscriptions are to be payable in installments at dates not yet announced, but running probably well into the summer. Almost any bank or trust company will agree to buy small quantities of the bonds and carry them for subscribers who will undertake to pay for them at the rate of two per cent a month.

Thus a person can buy a $50 bond and pay $1 a week against it for fifty weeks, at the end of which time his bond will be delivered to him. In such cases the rate of interest charged on the unpaid balance should not exceed 5 or 6 per cent, and the interest paid on the bond should be credited to the borrower's account.

This is specially mentioned, as there are some lenders who are attempting to practice usury under the guise of patriotism and appropriate the entire interest on the bond for a year as their compensation for a loan that runs an average of only twenty-five weeks. In doing this they get something over 8½ per cent per annum for lending money on the best security in the world.

For the benefit of the small subscribers on the partial payment plan who are unfamiliar with interest calculations, perhaps this should be made a little clearer: The man or woman who buys a $50 bond through a bank or trust company, and agrees to pay $1 a week on it, is in effect borrowing $50 for an average of twenty-five weeks. Interest on this loan at 6 per cent per annum, even if it were compounded quarterly, would not exceed $1.50. Against the interest charged, the coupons on the bonds (which at 4¼ per cent would be worth $2.12) should be credited so that at the end of the fiftieth week the borrower should receive this bond and not less than 62 cents in cash. If the rate of interest charged were 5 per cent, the cash payment accompanying the delivery of the bond should not be less than 87 cents.

There is hardly any one who does not realize that a United States bond is the safest investment that can be made and the

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world's premier security; but that those who do not follow the fiscal operations of the Government closely may better understand the strength of our financial position, the following statement of the estimated receipts and disbursements of the Treasury is submitted.

The period covered runs from April 6, 1917, when we declared war, to July 1, 1918, which is the commencement of our next fiscal year. The temporary loans made through the sale of short-time Treasury certificates are eliminated and receipts and disbursements are stated in round figures.

During this period the disbursements of the Government for its own account, actual and estimated, will not exceed	$8,000,000,000
In addition to which it will have loaned our allies against their interest-bearing obligations, say	$5,000,000,000
Total disbursements	$13,000,000,000

These disbursements will have been provided for as follows:

First Liberty Loan, at 3½%	$2,000,000,000	
Second Liberty Loan, at 4%	3,800,000,000	
Third Liberty Loan, at 4¼%	3,000,000,000	
War Savings Stamps, say	200,000,000	
Taxes, customs, and internal revenue, say	4,000,000,000	$13,000,000,000

It is probable that the disbursements are overestimated and the amounts to be realized from the Third Liberty Loan, the War Savings Stamps, and taxes underestimated; but any surplus thus arising is unimportant.

The two significant facts are:

1. That the gross increase in the public debt (*i. e.*, the amount borrowed from bondholders as distinguished from the amount raised by taxation) during the first fifteen months of the war will not exceed	$9,000,000,000
Against which there will be held the interest-bearing obligations of other nations for at least	5,000,000,000
Making the net increase in the debt only	$4,000,000,000
2. That we shall have raised by taxation at least as much as we have borrowed for our own expenses, thereby establishing a new record in the application of the "pay as you go" principle in financing the cost of a war.	

It is true that the appropriations made by Congress exceed by some eight billions the disbursements for the period under review, and that if the war is not ended the funds to meet these appropriations will have to be provided later on; but this need not lessen the satisfaction and reassurance that are to be found in the showing made for the first fifteen months; and if the intrinsic value of the bonds now being sold were the only factor that determined the demand for them, the entire issue would doubtless be taken at a premium.

The effort and organization that are resorted to in the flotation of these successive bond issues are, however, necessary to secure the wide distribution among many buyers, without which great financial congestion would be inevitable. There is only $5,000,000,000 in money of all sorts in the United States. Of this at least three-fifths, or $3,000,000,000, is in the banks, where it is held as a reserve against deposits that are in turn loaned out. Manifestly, therefore, it is impossible for the banks to pay for three billions of Liberty Bonds without contracting loans to a degree that would produce a panic, and the problem of the various Liberty Loan Committees is to secure the largest possible number of small subscribers who will pay for the bonds they take with the cash they have in hand or the savings that they may be able to effect in future. In solving this problem a large measure of success was attained when the last loan, amounting to over $3,800,000,000, was placed among some 9,400,000 subscribers. This showed what can be done, and in the present campaign an effort to double this number is to be made. As a badge of honor a Liberty Loan Button with a Liberty Bell on it is to be given every one who buys a bond. Some 16,000,000 of these buttons are now ready for delivery. An honor roll on which the names of all subscribers will be inscribed is also to be displayed in some public place in each city and printed in the local newspapers. A service flag with a broad red border surrounding a white field crossed by three blue bars, signifying the "Third Liberty Loan," is to be given all subscribers, and competition between the various towns and communities is to be stimulated by allowing each district that takes its quota to raise an "honor flag" to which a blue star will be added for every one hundred per cent by which the allotted quota is exceeded. By these devices it is hoped that a subscription can be secured from nearly every person who is able to lend his country at least $1 a week toward the cost of making the world safe for democracy. The plan ought to be an overwhelming success if each of us does his part in subscribing himself and making sure that every one he knows does likewise. According to the census of 1910, there were in the United States 26,999,151 males and 24,555,754 females who were then twenty-one years of age or over. Allowing for the normal increase in the population, there are now at least 55,000,000 men and women in the country who have reached or passed their majority.

What a glorious thing it would be if each one of them would agree to pay $1 a week for fifty weeks toward a $50 Liberty Bond.

The resulting subscription would be $27,500,000,000—more than enough to pay for two years of war at the present rate of expenditure.

Such a manifestation of financial strength and confidence would, moreover, go a long way toward convincing Germany of the futility of the struggle, and might bring the war to an end sooner than now seems possible.

It is of course unlikely that there are 55,000,000 persons in the country who can or will invest $1 a week in Government bonds, but it is not at all improbable that there are 12,500,000 who could afford so to invest $2 a week, and 12,500,000 more who could put aside $1 a week. On this basis a total subscription of $37,500,000 a week, or $18,750,000,000, could be obtained, and the Treasury would be assured of all the money it required for about eighteen months.

Why should this not be done? It can be done if all of us will make it our business to see that every one he knows who can afford it takes at least a $50 bond. One dollar a week is less than fifteen cents a day.

There are very few of us who can't save that much or more without feeling it. For most men it would mean simply a reduced expenditure for cigars, cigarettes, drinks, car fares, moving pictures, lunches, neckties, and a hundred other trifles in the purchase of which we could economize with benefit to ourselves. Let him who doubts this keep a memorandum of every expenditure of less than one dollar that he makes for one week and then reflect upon how unnecessary most of them are. Of the economies that are possible for women I do not feel competent to speak, but I am sure that there are within my acquaintance at least twenty workingwomen who could easily save $1 a week if they tried, while those who have incomes of their own or are dependent upon men would have no difficulty in putting aside a much larger sum. Employers can greatly aid in rolling up an enormous subscription to the bond issue by buying bonds for their clerks or workmen and allowing them to pay for them by a weekly deduction from their salary or wages. With a little encouragement those who are getting as much as $12 or $15 a week will find themselves able to invest $1 a week in a 4¼ per cent bond that can be sold whenever there is urgent need for the money. And what an education in providence and self-denial the effort will provide! The chances are that the bond will never be sold, and that, once having learned to become investors in this way, other bonds will be bought until the wage-earner becomes a capitalist and employer himself.

There must be not less than three million persons in this country each one of whom knows, upon the average, ten other neighbors, associates, employees, and customers who could take a bond for $50 or more. If these three million persons will each of them make it his or her business to see that ten bonds for $50 or more are sold upon the partial payment plan, they will make the forthcoming offering a greater success than any that have preceded it, and will render a very substantial service to their country.

In almost every city and town in the United States there is some bank, banker, or patriotic capitalist who will be willing to finance the purchase of a few thousand dollars' worth of

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bonds at reasonable interest against the agreements of responsible wage-earners to pay for them in weekly installments; and if those who cannot make such an arrangement will write to me at 15 Wall Street, New York, inclosing a stamped and addressed envelope for reply, I will try to put them in touch with some institution that will provide the necessary facilities.

THE FABRICATED SHIP

HOW AMERICAN SHIP-BUILDING IS BEING REVOLUTIONIZED

BY ALEXANDER H. BEARD

The author of this article is connected with one of the largest ship-building enterprises in the United States as an executive assistant. He is therefore familiar with the new ship-building programme of this country. His statement of facts may be relied upon as correct.—THE EDITORS.

"THE question now is, whether the army can win the war before the navy loses it." With some such words as these Sir William Robertson, former Chief of the Imperial British Staff, recently summed up the war situation. This, without being derogatory to the British navy's fighting prowess, was a suggestive way of stating the problem of the submarine—the problem of merchant shipping. If Sir William's remark is apt to-day, how much more does it apply to the month of April, 1917! Then, and in the days that followed, with the entrance of the United States into the war, there seemed to flash all at once upon the Powers that were fighting Germany the realization of the jeopardy of their position. Undersea warfare was destroying the very arteries of their intercommunication—the arteries that supplied the vigor of their armies. Thus at a time when unrestricted submarine warfare was depleting Allied shipping at a rate which, if continued, spelled certain defeat, the United States was facing an absolutely unparalleled demand for tonnage to transport and supply a vast army in Europe and to convey huge supplies to our allies. We had not been in the war more than a fortnight when there was formed an organization whose very name indicated what the situation was—the *Emergency Fleet Corporation.*

The United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, as soon as organized, undertook the letting of contracts for the construction of the fleet of vessels which was to help nullify this undersea ultimatum. But from Fore River to Newport News and beyond, from the yards along the Delaware clear out to the Union Iron Works at San Francisco, the established shipyards were well filled with existing contracts. These yards were allotted such additional vessels as they could undertake, and those expert in ship-building were encouraged in the construction of new yards by giving them contracts for a sufficient number of ships to warrant the investment of the capital required to build the yards. These contracts usually ran from ten to twenty vessels each. These were large orders, but, compared to the needs of the country, seemed only too small.

Here also arose a new danger. Relying on the unceasing demand for ships and on the hope of a Government contract where none had been given, irresponsible, or at best inexperienced, promoters all over the country were also launching new ship-building enterprises. These were springing up almost overnight in an unhealthy, parasitical growth. The current issues of the shipping papers printed appalling lists of freshly incorporated ship-building enterprises. "Of the making of shipyards there was no end," but to the making of ships this promised to be a menace. For there was added to the already huge demand on American industry for ship-building material the irresponsible clamor of those who would overtax that industry without the ability to convert it into what was needed—ships. Not only was some additional and vastly larger enterprise required, but something radically new, more responsible, more co-ordinate—more like America.

Figures tell the story. By July 13 last the Shipping Board announced that it had contracted for 77 steel ships of 642,800 tons and 348 wooden hulls of 1,218,000 tons. This did not include the steel ships already under construction as the regular programme of the established yards throughout the country. This tonnage amounted to about 2,800,000, and was shortly to be requisitioned. So much was contracted for. As to performance, the estimate could be made about as follows: The established shipyards, having brought themselves to the limit of capacity, had attained a volume of output which meant an annual delivery of steel ships amounting to about two million tons (dead weight); that is, with capacity to carry two million tons of cargo, stores, and fuel. In addition to this, old and new wooden ship yards, working on the recently allotted Shipping Board contracts, were turning out wooden hulls at the rate of about one million tons annually. Here was a total of three million tons (dead weight), which was a tremendous figure. To make it possible, all existing facilities had been pre-empted. It looked as if it were the maximum we could hope to reach. Compared to previous performances in this country and in the world, it was startling. Previous American ship-building had been at the rate of four hundred thousand tons per annum. We were preparing in the current year to multiply this figure by eight! Previous ship-building in Great Britain, mistress of the seas, had been less than two million five hundred thousand tons per year. We were going to better this by twenty-five per cent! Previous world ship-building had been upwards of four million tons. We were attempting to build ourselves in one year three-fourths the amount of tonnage that in less stirring days all the shipyards of the world could produce!

But, unprecedented as this programme was, it was seen long before July that the maximum along these lines would not meet the crisis. As early as May 14 the Shipping Board announced that, in addition to all the construction it was providing for, it was imperative to construct another 3,000,000 tons! Think what this meant! With every available shipyard, old and new, pushed to the limit, there had somehow got to be built *simultaneously* an additional fleet of 3,000,000 tons (dead weight)! No yards existed where such a fleet could be built; in fact, there were not sufficient skilled ship-builders to work in such yards had they existed. In short, there was nothing out of which to create this tremendous tonnage of ships except the consciousness that it had to be done. Time-honored methods, or the speeding up of time-honored methods, must be put altogether out of mind; a revolution in ship-building had to be effected.

An undertaking to build ships on the staggering scale desired by the United States Government involved such great responsibility, was so revolutionary in character, needed such enormous facilities, that only the largest and most powerful corporations could possibly attack the problem with any chance of successfully handling it. It required the backing of men accustomed to carrying through great undertakings. It involved the co-ordination of large enterprises, the ability to handle great bodies of labor, and the vision to attack new problems. In short, the call was for big corporations and big men.

To produce the largest possible number of first-class steel ships in the shortest possible time—this was the problem. These must be cargo ships of ample carrying capacity and satisfactory speed. In the answer to this problem three entirely new ideas stood out:

1. *The designing of a vessel so radically simplified that all the vessels to be built could be made as exact reproductions.* Thus to standardize construction meant that every possible variation in size and shape of material must be eliminated.

2. *The mobilization throughout the entire country of all that portion of our industrial resources that was germane to ship-building; the adaptation of these resources to the new purpose.* This included, first and foremost, the bridge and structural steel industry; then the builders of engines and

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boilers; finally, the forges, machine shops, and factories capable of producing any piece of equipment that goes into a ship from a propeller shaft down to an anchor chain. This meant the pre-empting of the output of plants of all kinds in many parts of the United States. Most important of all, it meant that the labor engaged in that output would be utilized right where it was instead of by precarious and disorganizing concentration at a single point—the shipyard.

3. *The reproduction of vessels in large numbers, every one of exactly the same construction, thus permitting the use of the factory methods in which America is pre-eminent.* It was as if the new shipyard were to become the assembling floor of a colossal ship factory, whose machinery was made up of all the interrelated wheels of American industry, whose employees were the entire body of American labor, and whose conveyer belts were the American railways.

This solution, both in method and in magnitude, was a new departure in ship-building. Standardization had been attained to a slight extent in England, but on nothing like the scale that the present programme demanded. In reaching this solution several large organizations co-operated. The Emergency Fleet Corporation took up the problem with the Submarine Boat Corporation, the American International Corporation, and the Merchant Ship-Building Corporation. In the matter of standardization the Submarine Boat Corporation had had some experience. They had been engaged in the quick assembly and construction of a standardized type of eighty-foot wooden submarine chaser, equipped with gasoline engines. They had built 550 of these for the British Government. Then, in standardizing a type of merchant steamer, accurate knowledge of modern steel ship construction was essential. The American International Corporation owned an interest in one of the larger ship-building plants on the Atlantic coast—the New York Ship-Building Corporation—and this corporation was called upon to assist in the design of the vessel. Most important of all, the necessity for speed was paramount, both in the construction of the yard and of the vessels. No time could be spared for the gradual building up of a competent constructing organization; it was necessary to find one already existing. Closely allied to the American International Corporation was the engineering firm of Stone & Webster, who were just building the San Antonio cantonment for the United States Government in record time. They were accustomed to handling many million dollars' worth of contract engineering work. Their organized force consisted of approximately five hundred superintendents, engineers, foremen, etc. They were ready to begin a new job on an hour's notice. The whole of the co-ordinated programme thus fitted together. Its achievement was made possible by the fullest measure of understanding between all the principals and the Emergency Fleet Corporation.

As a result of this co-operative effort, and chiefly under the direction of Theodore E. Ferris, then Naval Architect of the Shipping Board, three types of standardized vessel were evolved—a 5,000-tonner, a 9,000-tonner, and a 7,500-tonner. The 5,000-ton boat was to be undertaken by the Submarine Boat Corporation, that of 9,000 tons by the Merchant Ship-Building Corporation, while the 7,500-tonner was to be built by the American International. A design of boat was worked out with a view to suppressing all non-essentials. Curvature of plates, particularly that requiring multiple bending, was, as far as possible, eliminated. No camber,[1] no shear; straight sides also, and a flat bottom. It was a design of boat which carefully combined the best ship-builders' and *bridge-builders'* practice, embodying the latter wherever possible, for the reason which shall shortly appear. Furthermore, maximum cargo space was adjusted to maximum safety, utilizing the principle of a multiplicity of bulkheads, which had saved more than one torpedoed oil-tanker from going to the bottom.

In this revolutionary programme of standardization, the essence of the novelty, as has been suggested, was *large quantity output;* on this depended all the rest. The Submarine Boat Corporation and the American International Corporation were each to construct an enormous Government ship-building plant, in which each would eventually build 200 vessels, to be completed within eighteen to twenty-four months. This large number alone made possible the "fabricated" ship.

The "fabricated" idea simply means that you have a "manufactured" ship instead of a "made-to-order" ship, just as you have a manufactured automobile and not a made-to-order automobile. We should smile to-day at the idea of a made-to-order automobile. We take it as an accepted fact that all automobiles constructed by one concern should be made after one or two standard models, with consequent quantity output and duplication, even interchangeability, of parts. It would seem ridiculous to us that a firm making motor cars, on receiving an order for a number of cars, should make up fresh sets of specifications for these cars and of all the machinery and parts going into them, and then construct all of this equipment according to these new designs, possibly different from every car they had made before. Then, if they should later receive another order from a different source, and in filling this order should work up still other designs of automobiles, we should not only say that this was a big economic waste, but we should expect it to take a long time to deliver these cars. Yet such was the position of the ship-building industry up to to-day. But the very magnitude of the work of building a single ship and the length of time it requires to complete one diverted attention from the old-fashioned, made-to-order methods which prevailed. Furthermore, there never was a demand for enough boats at one time from a single yard to focus thought upon the development of factory methods. Orders would come for one, two, or three vessels at a time, and the clients of ship-building were accustomed to demanding special features in the boats they ordered. Demand was hand-to-mouth; supply, naturally, was the same.

If we examine conventional shipyard practice, the situation becomes clear. After the vessel has been designed and the specifications made up in accordance with the client's desires, the steel and iron required in the form of plates, shapes, angles, etc., and all other materials, are delivered from the mills to the shipyard. There at the yard the plates are shaped and punched, the frames bent and punched and beveled, and all the riveting done; stern-posts, connecting rods, etc., are forged, the boilers and engines built—in fact, every component part of the vessel especially worked up. Every boat stands by itself as an individual piece of workmanship. They are all fine vessels, but they are an economic luxury. Most important of all, they depend upon a trained force of skilled ship-builders.

Obviously these time-honored methods, though speeded up to the limit, would not produce the 3,000,000 tons additional desired by the Government within twenty-four months. Even had there been yards available in which to build ships in this way, there were not sufficient experienced ship-builders to man them. The evolution of a new method was inevitable. This was the "fabricated" ship, or, in other words, the application of quantity methods to ship-building.

Ship-building being such a large-scale industry of itself, the application of quantity methods made the scope of a single plant Nation-wide. The shipyard became merely the assembling point. The key to the situation was the great shops throughout the country of the structural and bridge industry, "first cousin" to ship-building. They were specialists in the line of fabricating steel, with all the special tools and labor-saving devices at their disposal. They had already strong organizations of skilled workers. They were accustomed to turning out large quantities of structural steel, little different from the framework and plating of a ship. A little adjustment, and these workers could be turning out all the component parts of a ship's hull, to be shipped ready-made to the seaboard, there to be set up and riveted into a unit on the ways. An arrangement was made with the important structural, bridge, and tank shops, obtaining priority of their output. The rest was in the adjustment. This was chiefly through the introduction of an elaborate system of templets, developed beyond anything known in bridge or ship building. This insured accurate reproduction of all details. The templet makers were recruited from both the bridge shops and the shipyards. Thus the punching, shaping, and to some extent the riveting, were done in the shops. The multiple duplication of parts enabled the manufacturers to produce

[1] "Camber" is the technical name of the curve or convex swelling of a ship's plank or plate or deck. "Shear" is the sweep or curve constantly used in ship-building, as in the gracefully shaped bow of a clipper ship. Here the author refers to the shear of the deck, which is the curvature or upward sweep beginning amidships and extending fore and aft.—THE EDITORS.

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rapidly the plates and shapes to exact size as required. The shipyard's job was erection, riveting, and assembling.

But the distribution of labor was not confined to the hull. Orders for the engines for the first fifty vessels were placed with outside engine-builders, expert in their line; for boilers, with outside boiler-makers. All the necessary forgings, such as stern-posts, connecting-rods, etc., were tentatively contracted for, and, in fact, every item of equipment going into the finished ship was started in the process of manufacture somewhere in the country.

To take an example, the largest contract was with the American International Corporation. It was signed on September 13 last, and it called for the construction at Hog Island, near Philadelphia, of a shipyard with fifty building ways. It called for the completion within thirteen and a half months of fifty fabricated steel ships, each of 7,500 tons capacity and capable of a speed of 11½ knots[1] an hour. It foreshadowed the ultimate construction of 200 steel ships, all to be delivered within twenty-five months. The cost of this huge fleet, amounting to 1,500,000 tons dead weight, would be approximately $200,000,000.

Subsequently, on October 23, under the terms of an option contained in the contract of September 13, this programme was amplified to provide for the construction of another type of vessel, suitable for use as a transport. This boat was to have a speed of fifteen knots, and was to be a combined cargo and troop ship, with a dead-weight capacity of 8,000 tons instead of 7,500 tons. The design of this vessel was a modification of the original 7,500-tonner, and, while slightly larger and embodying certain new features, was made equally adaptable to reproduction in large numbers. The Government order now called for seventy of these faster steamers, while the original contract for fifty 7,500-ton vessels stood. Deliveries of the two types were to be made in alternate groups of twenty-five. This entire fleet of 120 steamers is deliverable within twenty-two months from the date of signing the original contract, September 13, 1917. The total of tonnage is about 1,000,000. The cost will be not less than $170,000,000.

The shipyard in which this enormous programme will be pushed through will be unique. Work on its construction is rapidly going forward. An idea of its magnitude is given by some of the figures. The tract of land on and near Hog Island which forms the site of the plant is 900 acres in extent. To provide the foundations for the shipways 100,000 piles will have been driven. On these foundations are being erected side by side, in groups of ten, no less than fifty building ways. In just one of these groups of ten ways are represented the counterpart of some of the world's largest shipyards—Fore River, the Cramps', or, say, Harland & Wolff's at Belfast. Fifty ways in the new yard means that at least fifty steamers will be building simultaneously. They will be ranged in line along the water-front for one mile. Still others, already launched, will be fitting out in the finishing basins adjoining, which will extend for another mile. Thus there will stand at one time, side by side, two miles of merchant steamers.

To convey materials to the shipways an immense railway switching system is being provided which will aggregate some seventy-five miles of track. This system involves a comprehensive arrangement of classification and storage yards, to facilitate smooth and accurate distribution. The importance of this in rapid assembly is readily seen from the fact that there are 20,000 parts going into every ship, and the total amount of steel required for the fifty 7,500-ton boats is 130,000 tons, and for the seventy 8,000-ton boats 250,000 tons.

The first type of vessel to be built is the 7,500-tonner. She is a cargo steamer of 11½ knots speed, single-screw, with engines amidships. Her general arrangement is of what is known as the "well deck" or "three-island" type. The transport will be a combined freight and passenger steamer, and will have a speed of fifteen knots. She will have a cargo capacity of 8,000 tons. As in the case of the 7,500-tonner, she will be a single-screw vessel with engines amidships. Unlike the 7,500-tonner, she will be of the shelter-deck type. As has been stated, both vessels have been designed without shear or deck camber, and without much of that rounded sweep of line which is traditional in the ocean-going craft. Traditional is the word for this, for it is a curious fact that this elaborate curvature has been handed down in the ship-building art almost from the time of the ancient Phœnicians; yet it bears no more relation to utility in the modern steel steamer than the graceful figureheads which the Phœnicians themselves wrought on their slender galleys.

Looking beyond the welter of the present struggle, what is the augury for the future? What does the "fabricated" ship mean to ship-building, not only of America but of the world, and what does it promise for the merchant marine of the United States? When U-boat warfare shall have gone the way of the Monitor and the Merrimac, will the vital impulse that arose to overcome it pass away as well? It does not seem likely. As the Monitor and the Merrimac revolutionized the navies of the world, making them iron instead of wood, so the "fabricated" ship seems destined to revolutionize ship-building. It does not seem likely, when once a way has been demonstrated of building ships both more economical and more expeditious than the old way, that the old way can survive. The new ships are in all respects as good as the old. In fact, it would seem in many ways that they should prove better. Every component part is produced by a specialist in his field. The assembling is supervised, not only by experts in ship-building, but by experts in the manufacture of the parts. The finished ship is the product of the maximum combination of efficiency.

It seems likely, then, that the country that leads the world in factory efficiency, that has become pre-eminent in the manufacture of structural steel, having adapted these two national assets to the building of ships, will become pre-eminent in that field also. It is difficult to see how shipyards in any part of the world can hereafter afford to build an appreciable number of vessels in the old-fashioned way. The ships that carry the bulk of the world's cargoes, that are seen in every harbor and roadstead from New York to the Cape of Good Hope, will be the "fabricated" steel freighters. For a time the fast passenger liners and other special types will continue to be built from special designs. But probably even these will later yield to the new era. In the meantime, and long after the war is over, America will be called upon to make up the tonnage deficit of the world. With the disappearance of the made-to-order method, the advantage in cost to the European builders through their cheaper labor is liable to disappear. Higher American wages may be offset by this greater efficiency. The initial advantage of the new method will certainly be ours, by all that is American it should be permanent.

But the question of questions is, Are we building these ships to fly our own flag or another? By that I do not mean to-morrow, or even next year, but the period that will come after the present emergency. Will this large merchant marine which we are fashioning continue in our service after the war, or will it gradually be forced under the flag of other countries, because, though we may be able to build more cheaply, it is an economic impossibility to *operate* American ships in competition with the foreign? On the answer to this question possibly our whole future depends. What the answer will be depends on our own Government; depends, that is, on the action of Congress—depends, in the last analysis, on the public opinion of the American people.

It has become commonplace to point out the disadvantages under which the American merchant marine labors—the necessity of competing with subsidized vessels of foreign nations when American vessels receive no subsidy; this added to the fact that American ship operators pay the American wages, far in advance of the international wage scale at sea. But, unless it also becomes commonplace for public opinion to demand a remedy, we shall never become a great sea power.

That we shall grow into a great sea power is gradually becoming the fondest hope of every American. The fabricated ship has given the necessary impetus; the people must do the rest. Thus the Nation of the sky-scraper may become also the Nation of the ocean leviathan, and in that manner not only "scrape the sky" but "sweep the seas" as well.

[1] A "knot" is a nautical mile, equal to about a statute mile and an eighth. A ship sailing at 11½ knots is moving as fast as a railway train running thirteen miles an hour. In olden days the speed of a ship was determined by letting a rope, or log-line, with knots tied in it, trail astern. The number of knots that passed over the stern rail as the rope uncoiled indicated the number of miles per hour that the ship was sailing.—THE EDITORS.

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THE MURDER OF SAM HOWELL

BY KATHERINE MAYO

CORYDON is in Iowa, a dozen miles from the Missouri line. It is the county seat of Wayne County, and at the time when our story begins, some twenty-three years ago, perhaps fifteen hundred people called it home.

Corydon was a comfortable, right little place, where the amiable ranginess of Missouri and the Puritan energy of the East met and mingled to bear pleasant fruit. Corydon bred good men, who went out and prospered and returned again because they loved their village, its cleanly life, its simple, honest fellowship.

Among its solid pillars was "Judge" Howell, originally a Long Island man. A Princeton graduate and a member of the bar, Mr. Howell in his early days had come to Corydon to begin the practice of law. Now, in 1895, his youngest son, Sammy, had grown to be ten years old. This story is about Sammy.

At the age of ten, Sammy, with his shock of tow hair, his blue eyes, and his copper-toed shoes that he lost whenever he got a chance, was just a happy, hardy, rollicking little boy with a laugh that no one could hear without joining. He rode the farm horses to water with his legs curled up like grasshoppers' legs, because they stuck out straight if he uncurled them. He climbed the hardest trees, to the ruin of his trousers. He swam the longest swims, he ran the fastest, he fought the pluckiest, and he got into the most mischief of any boy in his class. And he never nursed a grouch, never did a mean thing, and never took a dare.

Then something happened that necessitated Mr. Howell's return for a time to his old Long Island home, taking his family with him.

Here, at Southampton, Sammy went to the grammar school, did his lessons very easily because he couldn't help it, played very hard because he loved it, and the rest of the time enlarged his field by running errands, carrying telegrams, and being caddy on the Shinnecock links.

"I don't know about this," said the father.

"It's all right," said the mother, wise and full of faith. "Let the boy work out his mind."

Then came three years at the Southampton High School and a graduating year at that of Babylon—years during which the boy's native manly independence stepped out with a curious sturdiness and took the helm betimes.

"I can support myself," proclaimed Sammy. "Why should another man do it for me, even if he *is* my father? *I'll* show you! Watch me."

So in the spring of his fourteenth year he trotted off and got himself a job in the bank.

All summer he worked thereat. Each succeeding summer he returned to it, holding it until late in the fall, because, as he found, he could catch up with the classes whenever he chose to begin.

Meantime he developed into an all-round athlete, a good sport, and the best kind of a friend, honest as the sun, straight as a die. Still he kept his rollicking spirit and his ready laugh, and still he had never done a mean thing, never taken a dare, and never found out what people meant when they talked of "being afraid."

When he finished high school, the bank offered him a permanent place. But Sam had been thinking.

"I don't want to sit on a stool all my life," he considered, "with my brightest hope just to get my nose nearer the grating. I want to live out of doors and *make* things—to make things and see 'em grow under the sky and my two hands."

So he went to the firm of Rogers & Blydenburg, of Babylon, contractors and builders of established repute, and he asked them to take him on as carpenter's boy.

They took him on. He stuck to the work with the same spirit and energy with which he had stuck to everything else. Of nights he studied engineering and architecture. All day he drove at his trade. He joined the carpenters' union. He won his way up, step by step. And when he was twenty-six years old he had already made himself such a record of ability, honesty, skill, and dependableness as building foreman that some architects actually advised their clients to go out of their way to get Rogers & Blydenburg as builders if Sam Howell went with the job.

This very thing happened in 1913, the year that Sam neared his twenty-eighth birthday. The job was the building of a country house up in the wooded hills of Westchester, forty miles from New York. Here Sam had some seventy-five men to handle, and the work went forward with the solid certainty and the hearty good will that his presence had always insured.

There were master workmen under him now, and carpenters and masons who had twice his years. There were young American mechanics of his own age or less. But they all called him "Sam," they all loved him, and they all heartily respected and obeyed him, too.

"You couldn't put anything over Sam," as one of them said. "No cut-and-cover work gets by *his* eye! But you get the squarest deal from him that anybody could ask, no matter who you are. Sam is a real man, he is, and he treats everybody else like they were real men too."

The two women whose home he was building felt this also. As weeks ran into months, during which time they visited the work and saw Sam daily, they, too, came to regard him with strong liking and respect and with entire trust. Nature had given him the face and figure of the Concord Minute Man—clean-cut, firm, and comely in the sound old American type. And the spirit molding the face was the spirit that all true Americans must recognize and love.

"No need to worry when the work is in *that* boy's hands," the two women would repeat to each other. "How fortunate we are!"

Then came a Saturday morning early in August when a groom, riding in with the mail, casually mentioned to the two women that Sam Howell had been shot.

As quickly as a car could travel the scene transferred itself to the building site. There stood the workmen, huddled in a group, silent, ashen-faced, hands down.

But Sam was not among them.

The master carpenter told the tale, and his white lips twitched as he spoke.

"Most of us had got here already—were standing around, waiting, when we heard a volley of shots over to the north.

"'Wonder what that is!' somebody said.

"And then in a minute Sam, on his motor-cycle, came up the road out of the lane.

"The second I sighted him I knew something was wrong. He kept his seat till he got to us. Then I jumped for him and he stumbled into my arms.

"'I'm shot,' he says. 'Take the pay-roll out of my pocket, quick!'

"The very most he wanted seemed to be to see that pay-roll safe in my hands. I had to show it to him before he'd talk any more. Then he says, quiet and very clear:

"'You tell the man that gets my place so and so about this work,' and he made me repeat for him certain mistakes that he thought ought to be corrected—certain changes that ought to be made as the construction proceeded.

"'Now, mind those points for me—*don't* let them get built in as they are,' he says.

"And *then* first he told me what had happened to himself—then and not till then—not till he'd got every other body's business off his mind!"

The carpenter boss grew suddenly husky—stopped to reconquer his voice. He went on:

"'I was riding up the lane by the wood patch,' Sam says; 'I'd got past the birches and was right in the willow brush when four Italians jumped out with revolvers in their hands.

"'"Surrender!" one of them sung out. "Give us over that pay-roll."

"'Of course I rode straight ahead.' (Sam would, you know!)

[1] Three stories by Miss Mayo relating to adventures of the Pennsylvania State Police have been published in The Outlook (March 20, March 27, April 3) under the general title "Soldiers of Law and Order." The present story will be followed by an article by Miss Mayo entitled "The New York State Troopers."—THE EDITORS.

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'As I passed between them they all fired. Then they jumped back into the willows where they came from. That's where they must be now.'

"He described the four men to us. Two he named to a certainty. We all knew them well. They are a couple of laborers that worked till lately on this very job. One of 'em has red hair, pockmarks, and a scar. You remember the fellow yourself, I'm sure. The third he couldn't swear to. The fourth was a stranger. And, just as Sam said, they must all be in the wood patch now.

"Where is Sam? Well, when the doctor arrived he said he couldn't do anything for him. He'd been shot seven times through the body, you see. So he took him to the city, to hospital."

To the two women listening the whole thing seemed like a ghastly, incredible nightmare out of which, for the moment, one immediate monstrosity glared.

"You say the four murderers are now in the wood patch—our own little wood patch right here on the farm? *Then why are you men all standing around here idle?* Why don't you surround them and take them out?"

Silence, uncomfortable, strange.

"I can't comprehend you," the last speaker went on. "Why, Sam Howell was your friend, your fellow union member, a man you're all fond and proud of. He's been shot, maybe murdered, almost before your eyes, and you—you seem content not to raise one finger in his name!"

The skilled laborers, Americans all, had gathered now in a close group. Around them crowded the foreigners, quiet, eager-eyed—yes, and wearing the hint of a smile.

The master carpenter spoke again. His words rang hard:

"You think we're cowards. Well, hark then: We earn our living among men like these," and he nodded toward the listening aliens. "Knives and guns are their playthings, and when they want any one of us they'll get him, just as they got poor Sam. We have to think of our families; we can't afford to earn gunmen's ill will. There's no protection in the country districts for folks like us. Sheriffs and constables don't help us at all."

And then he added, with a terrible, still bitterness: "*Howell was only a workingman. In a month you'll have forgotten him.*"

The sheriff came. Constables came. The whole local and county machinery lumbered into action, as helpless, as harmless, as blamelessly anachronous as a red Indian's blowpipe on the bloody fields of France. After some hours, at their good leisure, the murderers left the wood patch and went their chosen way undisturbed. No real move was made either to put them under arrest or to prevent their escape. No punishment has ever since been visited upon any one of them.

Sam Howell, after three days' valiant struggle, died of his wounds. The little barefooted, mischievous boy that never did a mean thing and never took a dare, the rollicking fourteen-year-old that won athletic prizes and thought it shame to let his father support him, the youth with the friendly heart and the ready laugh and the face and spirit of a Concord Minute Man, he who had never gone back on a friend, never shirked a duty, and never learned the meaning of fear, Sam Howell, type of America's core of manhood, laid down his life for his trust. Because, quite simply, it was not in him to surrender any trust committed to his hands, no matter what the odds, while life itself remained.

And yet, "*He was only a workingman,*" said his mates. "*In a month you will have forgotten him.*"

As far as they had any reason to know, they were right in their terrible speech. All over the State of New York, these many long years, such things had happened again, again, and again without redress, almost without remark save the little futile gossip of an hour.

Sometimes it had been a hard-working farmer dozing on his wagon-seat on the way home from the store at dusk; sometimes it had been a country postmaster, roused at dead of night by the sound of the chisel on his safe; sometimes it was helpless old people in lonely farm-houses, who were done to death for the sake of the loot. Or sometimes it was a woman caught alone in her isolated home or a girl child waylaid on the road, who suffered worse than death, yet had not the sheer good luck to die. Sometimes, again, there were lesser crimes, as kidnapping, arson, burglary, or the destruction and loss of stock; and so on down the category. And nine times out of ten, if the thing happened in the country, the perpetrator went his way scot-free.

No restraining and preventing influence worthy of the name existed for the protection of country dwellers in their Heaven-given peace. Those only enjoyed safety who had means to garrison their homes with men or to traverse the roads attended. Those only obtained redress who could privately employ service thereto. The poor and the obscure must take their chances against the criminal rover. And the State and the social structure displayed an equal indifference as to which way those chances might fall.

So the long-tested experience of the people actually was that a man like Sam Howell could be shot down in cold blood, forty miles from the biggest city in the country, and nobody would really care. "He was only a workingman. In a month you'll have forgotten him." Good God!

At first the two women did nothing—could do nothing but wait while the grim, unequal fight in the hospital went on. Meantime the workmen kept at their tasks. But their faces were set and stricken in those days, and, though their lips spoke no more of what had been said, the words still echoed in their accusing eyes. "In a month you'll have forgotten."

Then the end came. The boy died.

And now the two women arose and asked for light and help, that a great wrong might be set right.

"Have you courage to go to the root of the matter?" asked one well versed in the country's history—one familiar with its needs. "There's just one State in all this Nation that has honestly and justly shouldered its duty toward its people, to protect them each and every one under its laws. That State is Pennsylvania. Eight years ago she began to build the finest, cleanest, bravest, most effective, and most soldierly protective organization in this country—the Pennsylvania State Police. Every State in the Union should follow her. Till they do, such martyrdoms as that of Sam Howell, shameful and wicked as they are, must be expected again and again."

So the two went over to Pennsylvania to study that State Police. Would that every American might do the same!

Go to any State Department in Harrisburg and ask its chief what he thinks of the State Police. Never mind what his politics are; that doesn't matter. You will see his face change—see the mask that policy, caution, and watchful keenness wear suddenly fall, revealing the man's live heart within.

"Our State Police!" he exclaims. "Why, that force is the very pride of our lives—the finest thing in the Union. *There* are men for you! They'll go through hell without a sidewise glance to do the least of their duties. There isn't a single stain on the name. And there's not one good man or woman in the Commonwealth that doesn't cheer for them."

Go to the Pennsylvania county bench; go to the county officials, sheriffs, district attorneys, probation officers, and the like; go to the doctors, to the protectors of children and animals; go to the clergy, go to the grangers, go to the intelligent industrial workers; above all, go to the women all over the rural State, and you will hear the same whole-hearted tribute of pride, gratitude, and dependence.

Last, go to the State Police themselves and see what it is all about. Then, if there is an ounce of red blood in your veins, you will join the front ranks of the cheerers.

By far the greater part of the little force got its original training in the Federal service. Picked with severest care as to record, character, mentality, and physical perfection, vowed to uphold the law without fear or favor, commanded by a genius crowned with the true leader's gift, its work has been the glory and the blessing of the Commonwealth.

From the start the men have lived under a rule all of Spartan in its unbending sternness—a discipline that refuses to make any concession to "human weakness;" that superbly ignores the "frailty of flesh." To Spartan discipline has been added teaching, study—study, teaching, with everlasting work. And through the whole has shone an ideal of character, a standard of service, beyond all praise.

No Round Table Knights ever trod a straighter, harder path.

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Too straight, *too* hard, it proved for many a man whose lapse would have passed unblamed in any other walk of life. And those who could not keep to it have quietly disappeared. Would you like to know which have held to it surest—so surely that good King Arthur himself, looking down, must clap his hands? The answer is worth noting in a time when universal military training is under debate.

As a rule the very finest of these splendid, clean, self-conquered, upright, fearless men of the Pennsylvania State Police are those who have served out terms of enlistment in the Regular Army or Navy of the United States.

From the very first their road was dark and hard. A part of their work was among a densely ignorant foreign-born populace easily excited to violence and hate, easily fleeced, easily gulled. The type of heartless, unscrupulous demagogue who shouts his unworthy living out of the purses of such as these, found a ready catch-word in "State Police."

"Cossacks!" howled these betrayers of the poor. "Bloody Cossacks, borrowed by tyrants of capital from the tyrants across the seas!"

And so, in their miserable self-seeking, they labored to set enmity between the people and their best and truest friend.

It is over now. No fire remains beneath such little smoke of weary lies as still beclouds the air. Every honest man in Pennsylvania is glad and proud in the Nation's pride—the Keystone State's police.

But for years the villainy seemingly succeeded. Demagogues howled loud. Timid legislators trembled before them. Men who should have felt a higher loyalty listened and held their peace. And the officers of the force through it all swerved neither to the right nor to the left—let no rancor enter their hearts or turn their hands; kept their eyes fast fixed on their one high goal, and worked ahead. With malice to none, with justice to all, regardless of personal cost and hardship, they served the whole people of Pennsylvania in all their myriad needs.

Many of them quietly laid down their lives in the doing of it—readily, quietly, without question of anything but the right—laid down their bonny young lives fighting for the people's safety and peace.

But, strange to relate, the people of New York, who love high and beautiful things, had known little or nothing of these things, most beautiful, aglow in the hills just across the border. Now the truth was made plain to them—spread before them with wide and circumstantial thoroughness. They, the whole people, considered it well and carefully. Then in due time they made known their will.

"Give us," they said to Albany, "give us for our service another Pennsylvania State Police."

Sam Howell's sacrifice, so suddenly and cruelly asked and so freely and proudly given, seemed a dark, inexplicable mystery on the day of its rendering. The daily sacrifice, even to life itself, demanded of the white-hot loyalty of the troopers of Pennsylvania seemed an inhuman outrage, without one saving grace.

But it was Sam Howell's sacrifice, clean and complete, that revealed at last to a great commonwealth her own great need, her own great culpability. It was the long years' sacrifice, unrewarded, unacknowledged, unpraised, of the Soldiers of Law and Order in the Keystone State that showed to her Empress sister the way to honor and light.

Because Sam Howell, "only a workingman," obscure, alone, and unknown, carrying his dinner pail on a country road, laid down his life for his trust; because a little brotherhood of soldiers, lofty-minded, loyal-hearted, steady of head and hand, lived straight and bravely through years of blackness and storm; because of these two things only, the State of New York has to-day ranged up once more as a leader—has cleared her scutcheon of shame. Because of these two things only the people of the State of New York, honorably recognized at last, have to-day their due—their own State-wide protectors, their State Police.

IS THE WOMAN'S COLLEGE ESSENTIAL IN WAR TIME?

BY BURGES JOHNSON
ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH AT VASSAR COLLEGE

IN the present discussion as to essential and non-essential industries in war time little has been said about the business of managing an undergraduate college for women, or whether the profession of teaching therein contributes directly to the Nation's energies for war. This is not a brief for the undergraduate woman's college in ordinary circumstances. It is a summary of those undertakings in one such college which seem to meet this test of immediate effectiveness.

War-time activities of all our colleges for women fall naturally into two groups: emotional expressions which tend to prove the absolute loyalty of the college and its hearty acceptation of the present National task as its own task; and a second group, including all activities which directly add to the resources of the Nation for war.

There is no definite dividing line between these two groups. The emotional expression of the college tends to reinforce the spirit of the Nation. It reacts at once upon all other war-time activities which are immediately useful.

Faculty and student resolutions, acts of more or less practical self-denial, messages to our allies, receptions to official visitors from other countries—these things have a utilitarian value at this time. There is, for instance, an impression current in some circles that all our colleges are breeding-grounds for a certain type of disloyalty, or at least that they encourage a lukewarm attitude toward the Nation's task.

Vassar College has so clearly stated its position through trustee, faculty, and student action that it completely refutes this insinuation. Since the beginning of the war expressions of loyalty have been frequent and unmistakable. Sometimes they have taken a form that won for them an unusual degree of attention, as, for instance, the greeting sent by Vassar students through Commissioner Finley to the girls of France. The responses that this evoked from groups of French students in all parts of the sister republic were so remarkable for their sincerity, and their beauty as well, that the entire episode takes on an international importance.

But is the maintenance of such a college as Vassar at this time an essential industry? In other words, could the college buildings have a more immediately useful purpose in war time, its fuel be put to better uses, the students profitably be dismissed until the return of peace, and the staff apply their energies to some work for the Government?

First of all, bear in mind the fact that women are suddenly needed in every branch of public activity to-day, and that the number of women trained to meet this demand is most inadequate. The every-day routine business of these colleges—fitting young women for participation in the world's affairs, organizing their faculties, and making them more efficient—is a work of immediate necessity. Other forms of "war work" undertaken to meet the emergency are all subordinate in importance to this.

Our country entered the war two months before the close of the college year. Two hundred and thirty-five seniors had nearly completed the four years' course at Vassar; thousands of others were in like situation in other women's colleges throughout the land. There were added at once to the available courses of instruction certain so-called "Preparedness Courses," experimental because hastily organized, maintained financially by student funds, and designed merely to supplement the regular class-room work. It is not to be supposed that these courses added greatly to the equipment of any number of Vassar students. But they did serve to stimulate enthusiasm and focus attention upon the question of immediate usefulness to the

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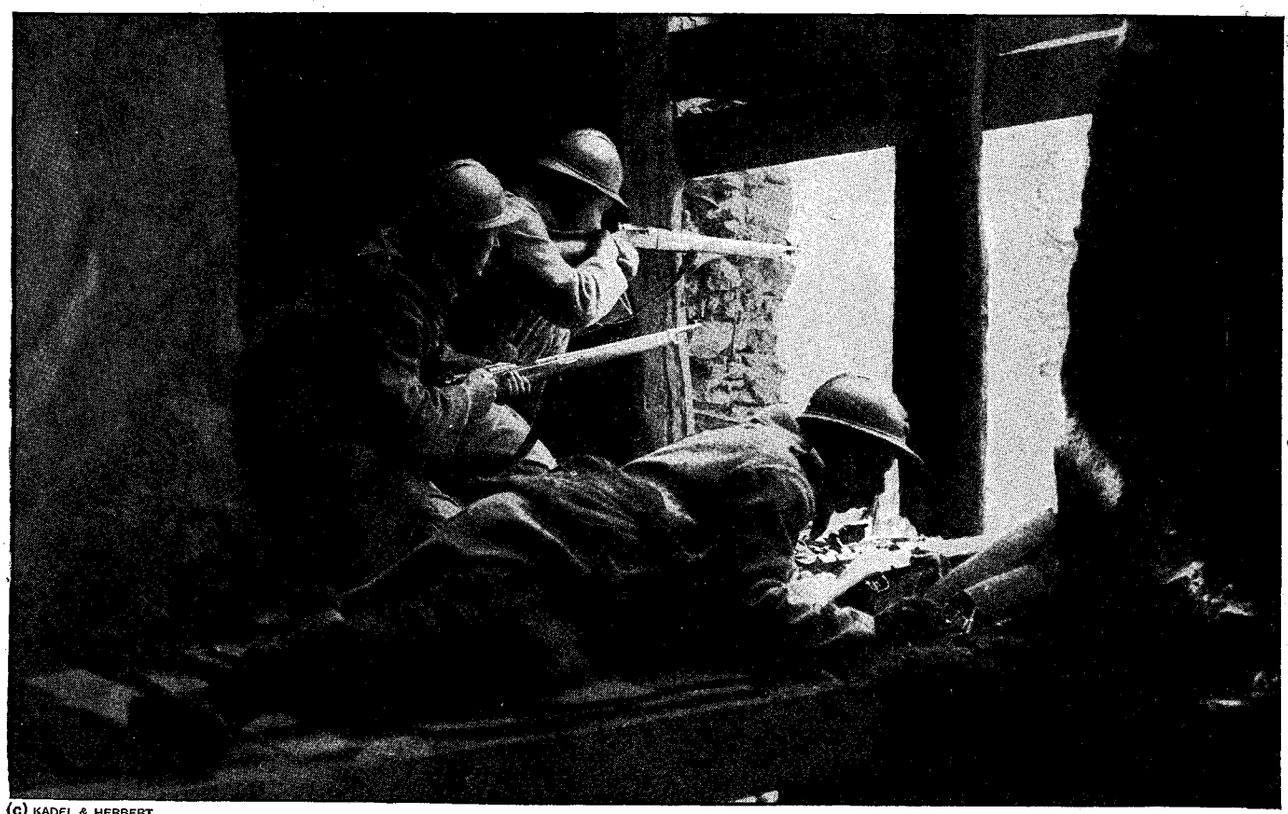
CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

PAUL THOMPSON

NEGRO SOLDIERS SINGING THE NATIONAL ANTHEM IN FRONT OF THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB, NEW YORK CITY

This regiment, the 367th United States Infantry, received on this occasion a flag and regimental colors from the Union League Club. In accepting the colors the regiment's commanding officer, Colonel James A. Moss, said: "These men are going to return you these colors when they come back from France, and we will want you then to hang them on your walls where they can tell with silent eloquence a story of valor and patriotism for all Americans"



(c) KADEL & HERBERT

SELLING THEIR LIVES DEARLY—FRENCH SOLDIERS MAKING A LAST STAND

The desperate character of the fighting in northern France is well illustrated in the above photograph of a few isolated soldiers who are making a brave defense against the Hun invaders of one of the small villages that have repeatedly changed hands within the past two years

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JOSEPHINE

CHAUNCEY BLAIR III

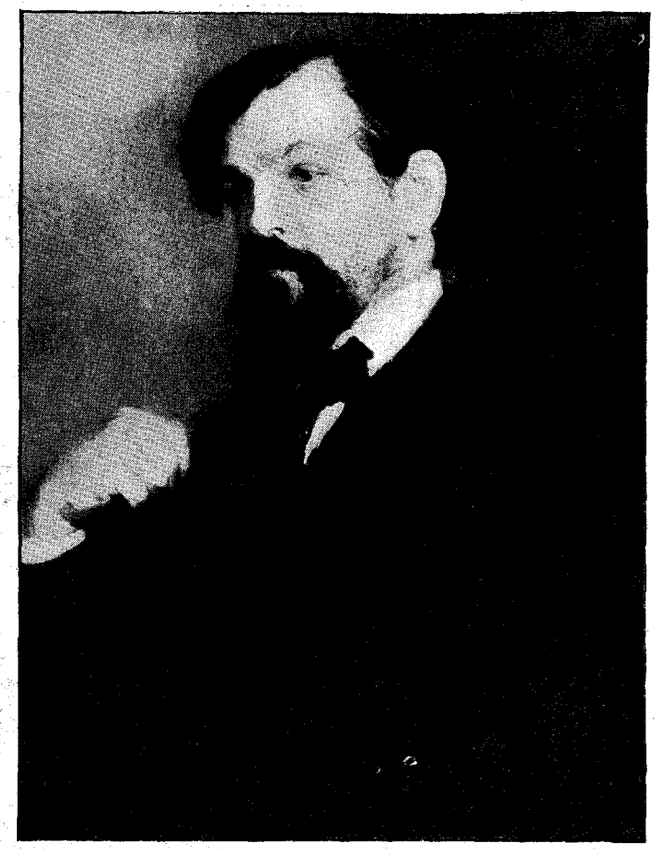
TWO INTERESTING EXAMPLES OF CHILD PORTRAITURE BY MAURICE FROMKES

See editorial comment

CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE

IGNACE PADEREWSKI, THE FAMOUS PIANIST, WITH A POLISH COMMISSION IN NEW YORK CITY

The Poles of this country are reported to have 22,000 recruits for the army of freedom, and are trying to increase this number to 80,000. M. Paderewski says the Poles are heart and soul with the United States in the war



THE LATE CLAUDE ACHILLE DEBUSSY, THE CELEBRATED FRENCH COMPOSER

M. Debussy was perhaps best known through his opera "Pelléas et Mélisande," though he produced many orchestral works and piano pieces. See editorial comment elsewhere in this issue

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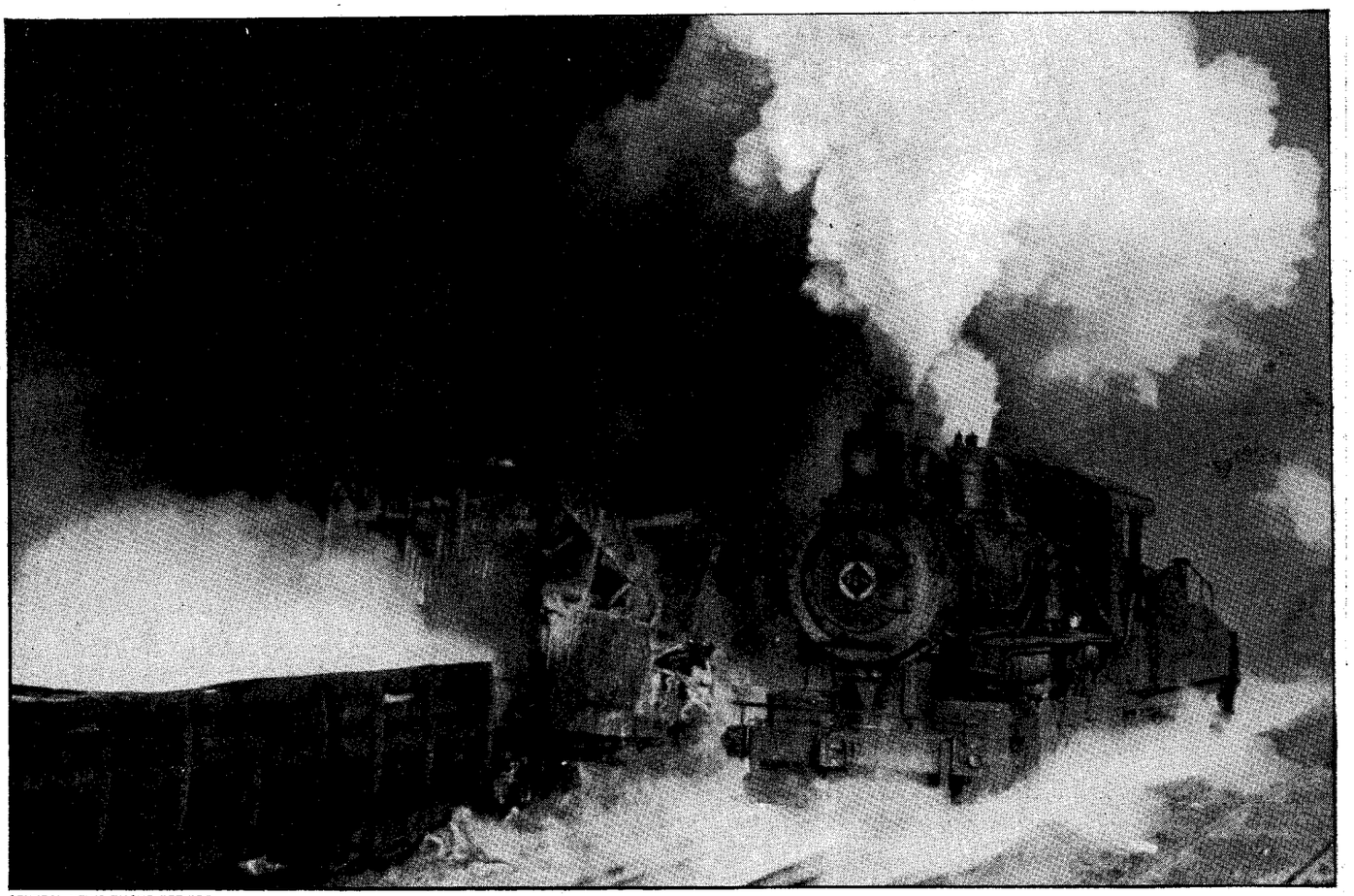
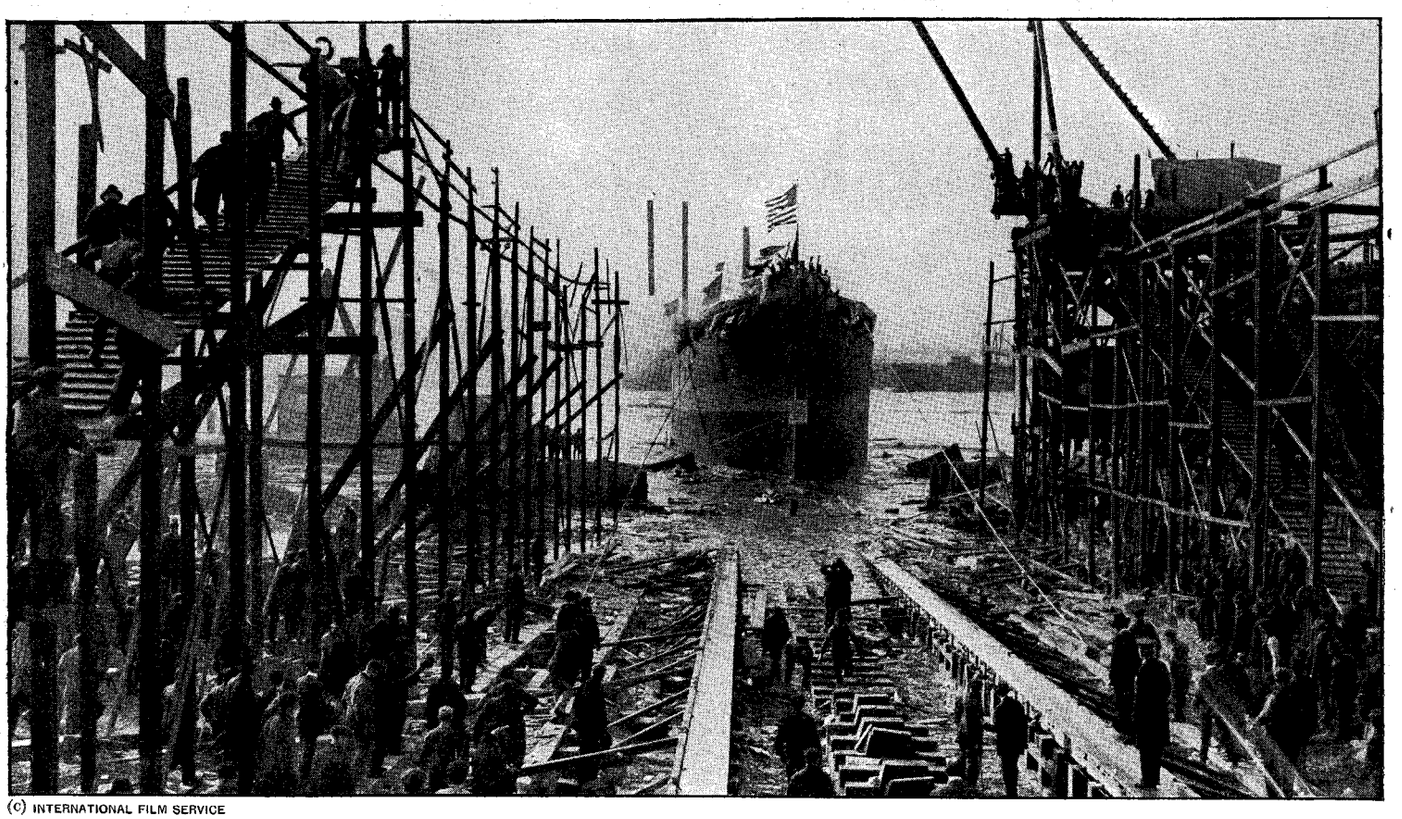


CENTRAL NEWS PHOTO SERVICE

A GREAT FIRE CAUSED BY CARELESSNESS IN THROWING AWAY THE "DEADLY CIGARETTE"

Twenty locomotives and many freight cars are said to have been destroyed in this disastrous fire on the water-front in Jersey City, which started in a storehouse as the result of carelessness in throwing away a lighted cigarette. The fire destroyed the repair shops of the Erie Railroad and several extensive warehouses. The locomotive shown in the above striking photograph was driven through a lane of flaming freight cars by a fearless engineer who was determined to save it



(c) INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

THE LAUNCHING OF THE COYOTE, THE FIRST OF THE NEW WOODEN SHIPS ON THE ATLANTIC COAST

On March 19 the Coyote, the first of the Emergency Fleet Corporation's wooden hulls to go into the waters of the Eastern seaboard, was launched at Newark, New Jersey. This is a 3,500-ton ship. The building of ships of this type is proceeding on both the Atlantic and the Pacific coast

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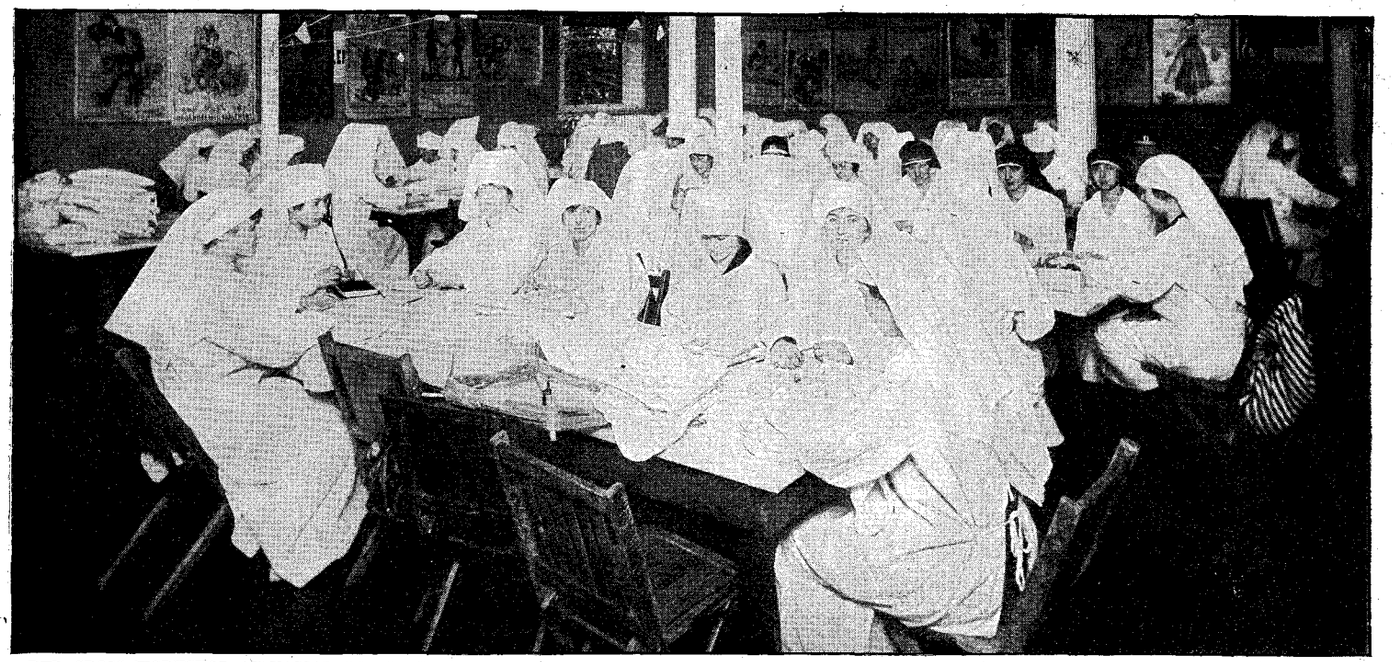

RED CROSS WORKSHOP AT VASSAR ESTABLISHED IN THE FACULTY MEETING-ROOM IN "MAIN," THE HISTORIC BUILDING THAT HOUSED THE ENTIRE COLLEGE IN 1865

Students and Faculty work here in relays, pledging a certain number of hours of their time each week

Nation. Facts are not available as to the later activities of all those who graduated last June; but that little group alone, representing the least mature among Vassar alumnæ, with no special training other than the regular college course, has furnished the various divisional and the central executive offices of the American Red Cross with many workers; it has sent translators to the Navy and the Post-Office censorship, assistants to the Government's Foreign Press Bureau, an expert to give psychological tests to applicants for the aviation service, a publicity worker for the Women's Council of National Defense—and these are culled from an incomplete record. In addition, many were at once employed by industries essential to National war-time efficiency, such as the General Electric Company, the Wheat Export Company, chemical laboratories, shoe factories, telephone and telegraph companies, etc. The greater proportion of the two hundred and thirty-five are engaged in useful occupations, either as regular employees or as volunteers.

Lack of assembled statistics makes it impossible to present the full record of the present war service of women trained in this one college or in any other. But data at hand show that of the twenty-one Vassar graduates known to be already in active service abroad, three, or one in seven, have been decorated for bravery under fire. The regrettably incomplete records of service at home show more than a hundred in positions of responsibility having to do with the war.

As an organization, drawn together by their common relationship to the college, the alumnæ have a special value to the Nation. Their local organizations have been utilized for money-raising purposes and many sorts of war work. As associated alumnæ, with advisory power in the operation of the college, they have taken action to bring about the use of the college plant for national service during the summer months, and as an organization they will undertake to make such plans effective.

Many members of the faculty have been or are now engaged in public service, without severing connection with the college. These services include work in France, lectures for various war-time causes, publicity and propaganda through writing, organization or direction of important war activities, scientific research for War and Navy Departments, and a great amount of individual work and individual giving for Red Cross, Y. W. C. A., and organized work abroad.

The activities of the students in ways to make them immediately useful have taken several directions. First, perhaps, may be mentioned the raising of funds for war work in co-operation with the faculty. An appeal from Mrs. Wharton for her tuberculosis hospital met with immediate response and the raising of $3,700. This was the first answer to Mrs. Wharton's appeal, and set the example to other women's colleges, which took up the work and assured the success of Mrs. Wharton's plans. A Vassar ambulance was put in the field; $15,000 was raised for the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. work in the army camps; $1,000 was sent to the sufferers in Halifax, with a message to indicate the feeling of this country for its nearest ally; and at least $55,000 was invested in the second Liberty Loan, while several hundred dollars are already invested in War Savings certificates. No figures as to the first loan are available.

To the Red Cross Vassar has made a definite contribution in surrendering much of the time of her chief executive, who, as a national director of the American Red Cross, spends more than half of his time in Washington, in charge of the Red Cross Junior membership. Red Cross work in the college is organized in an efficient way; $3,000 was raised at the beginning of the year for the purchase of materials. A Red Cross workroom is in constant operation, students working there in relays during their free time, under pledge of service. The output of this room in November and December was 7,776 compresses, 1,734 bandages, 528 sponges, in addition to a large number of miscellaneous hospital garments, Christmas cheer packages, scrapbooks, etc.

These statistics have little general interest, except that their assemblage proves this: that such an institution as Vassar, while continuing as effectively as ever the essential work of training young women for useful service eventually, is at the same time a war workshop, producing a by-product of immediate usefulness. This work would not be done so effectively by these students if they scattered to their several homes; an impetus is gained by working in unison, and also a spirit of realized national unity which is eventually carried directly to a thousand homes.

A small but useful contribution to national effort comes from the writing classes of the college, where for many weeks students have been supplying the Food Administration with propaganda, writing letters for transmission to Russia through the Government's Foreign Press Bureau, and shaping publicity material for the War Savings Committee and the Liberty Loan.

This year so-called "preparedness courses" have a more definite value. They have been undertaken with full consideration—some of them with Government co-operation. Volunteer students are carefully trained in stenography and typewriting, in work for the blind, in work among aliens, in certain preliminary Red Cross courses, and in home economics.

The war fund gifts of the college, both of students and faculty,

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are now concentrated upon the work of a reconstruction unit in France, which will be sent out under Vassar auspices, following the inspiring example of the Smith College unit.

And, finally, at the suggestion of the Associated Alumnæ, the finely equipped college plant will not be idle through the months of summer, but will be used in two ways. There will be established in the college buildings a three months' summer school for the intensive training of nurses in the theory of nursing. This school, indorsed and backed by the American Red Cross, the National Council of Defense, and the National Emergency Nursing Committee, will receive five hundred students and prepare them for a two years' hospital course leading to the nurse's certificate. These students will be recruited from the women graduates of other American colleges as well as Vassar, and they will have the advantage of a faculty of doctors and nurses as distinguished as can be secured.

At the same time the six-hundred-acre farm of the college will be "worked" by student volunteers from undergraduate classes, carrying on the successful experiment of last summer, and proving the efficacy of young women as farm-hands. They will plow, plant, till, cultivate, work in the dairy, and do a great quantity of drying and canning.

But here are enough data. A Vassar pen sets them down with pride; doubtless a scribe from Wellesley or Wells, Mills or Mount Holyoke, Smith or Bryn Mawr, might prove the point this article seeks to prove by a similar citation of the war achievements of those institutions.

Some New York State official recently made the inquiry, "Are the Vassar buildings suitable, in case of Government preemption, for use as a military hospital?" Such a question, while perhaps a mere form, becomes a good text for all that is here written. Is the work of a women's college an essential industry in war time? The most essential answer is that by very reason of this war—its causes and its motives—our educational institutions must keep open, renewing their ideals, keeping their purposes clear, and working at the business for which they exist with more singleness of purpose than they have had before. For is it not the whole purpose of this war to overcome an antagonistic system of education—that system which has trained a whole people to the belief that the material success of their nation, and its dominance over other nations and peoples, is the "ultimate belief"? While some of our young men and young women go out to the fields of battle, those at home must keep fires burning on every altar which is dedicated to a very different spirit from the Teutonic and other aims and ideals.

Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York.

JERICHO AND FLANDERS

I—THE FIELDS OF FLANDERS

BY CHARLES MULFORD ROBINSON

The long straight fields of Flanders
Are white no more with grain;
We are sowing them with crosses
And tears fall as the rain.

Though laborers are many,
The crops too slow mature,
For the harvest sought in Flanders
Is peace that shall endure.

We sow the fields with crosses—
Each cross a resting-place
Where God's peace touches Flanders
To fill a little space.

Those spots of growing number,
All wet with women's tears,
Must bring at last from Flanders
The harvest of the years.

II—JERICHO

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

Down—down—fell the walls of Jericho,
Walls they said that would not crumble,
Walls they said no hand could humble;
O the mighty overthrow!

Out of the Gilgal brake
One, with a flaming sword,
Unto Joshua spake,
And this was the word:—
"I am with thee in thy need;
Give thee good heed—good heed!"
Then He of the flaming sword
Told Joshua what should be
If over the heathen horde
He would win the mastery.

Tall was Jericho's wall,
Cubit on cubit high,
A menace to appall
Looming against the sky.
But with never a sound
Save for the rams' horns blown
(Seven rams' horns blown),
Round and round and round
The battlements of stone
The hosts of Israel trod
Under the eye of God.

Peered the men on the wall,
Jeered the men on the wall;
With loud idolatrous curses
They bade the hosts to quail,
Consigning them to the mercies
Of Moloch and of Baal;
Yet they still marched round and round
In time to the rams' horns' sound.

Until, on the seventh day
(Seven spans round and round),
A shattering cry
Went up to the sky
From the lips of that vast array,
Drowning the rams' horns' sound.
And down—down—down—
Down to the very ground
Plunged Jericho's mighty wall;
O the thunderous fall,
And death to the toppled town!

Lend ear! Give us to hear
To-day some word of the Lord!
Is there no flaming sword,
No leader to point the way?
See where, with embattled bands,
Our enemy, Jericho, stands,
Not cubits high but wide,
In all its arrogant pride!
God, grant to us this boon:—
Send Thou unto us soon,
To ward from the threat and fear,
Another Joshua!

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.
HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of April 3, 1918

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The German Offensive; Its Nature; Are We Too Late!

Reference: Pages 517, 518; editorial, page 525.

Questions:

1. What are the facts of the great German offensive as found in The Outlook? 2. What has The Outlook said about the nature of the attack? 3. Discuss why a competent writer could reasonably say: "Hindenburg knew that his own plans were known to Haig and knew Haig's calculations." 4. Explain the various phases of preparation the Germans must have made for their offensive. 5. A noted French army writer says: "War between two adversaries who possess similar arms and equivalent moral courage is always dominated by the same principles and produces the same effects." Explain what he means. 6. For what reasons does The Outlook say (page 525): "These are anxious moments for the whole American people," and "We should suppose that to-day, of all men in the United States, President Wilson would be the most anxious"? 7. What lessons are there for all Americans in this great German drive? 8. The following books make valuable reading for this topic: "Ambulance No. 10," by Leslie Buswell (Houghton Mifflin); "The War of Positions," by Paul Azan (Harvard University Press); "In the Heart of German Intrigue," by D. Vaka (Houghton Mifflin); "The Winning of the War," by R. G. Usher (Harpers); "Facing the Hindenburg Line," by B. Jenkins (Revell).

B. Topic: America Among the Nations.

Reference: Editorial, pages 527, 528.

Questions:

1. The Outlook speaks of "the new questions that call for new interpretations." What are the questions? What is your interpretation of them? 2. Have you thought of Americans as "instinctively imperial"? Are they? Why? 3. Is it right for any nation to be imperialistic? Give reasons why some are. 4. Make several comparisons between the German ideal of empire and the Anglo-Saxon ideal of it. Tell why one is or is not better than the other. 5. Professor Powers believes that the world can neither endure nor spare the German race. Tell what you think of this proposition and why. 6. How has this war emphasized America's relation to the other nations? Has it tested and challenged our theories? Tell why. 7. What are the conditions that underlie peace and war? Discuss the importance of a knowledge of these. 8. Present a plan whereby commerce might expand and industry grow without the nations going to war. 9. Take time to read: "American World Policies," by W. E. Weyl (Macmillan); "The English-Speaking Peoples," by G. L. Beer (Macmillan).

C. Topic: Pacificism, Socialism, and the Fire of Life.

Reference: Pages 542, 543.

Questions:

1. Why does Mr. Chapman believe "the pacifist has a weak mind"? Has he? 2. Mr. Chapman says "free speech is only a tendency." Does he show why? Is he right? What is his idea of freedom? 3. Restate and discuss his remarks about Socialism. What is its real weakness? 4. What is liberty? What is this war? What is the object of liberty and this war? What is the fire of life? What is its function? 5. If you want some material for thought on some of to-day's problems, read: "The Stakes of Diplomacy," by W. Lippmann (Holt); "The Socialism of To-Day," by Socialist writers (Holt); "The International Mind," by N. M. Butler (Scribners); "The Power of Ideals in American History," by E. D. Adams (Yale University Press).

II—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

Topic: Enlisting the Farm to Win the War.

Reference: Pages 531–535.

Questions:

1. What does Mrs. Bennett think of price-fixing for farmers? Do you think the Government should fix the selling price for all farm products? Why? 2. If so, should the Government also fix the price on the things the farmer must have—labor, rate of interest, tools, fertilizer, etc.? Would one set of price-fixing be fair without the other? 3. How does Mr. Dean account for the food shortage? 4. Has Mr. Dean exaggerated the results of the present system of distribution? 5. What are his ways of remedying present unsatisfactory farming conditions? 6. How does the manufacturer determine his selling prices? Why don't the farmers do likewise? Could they? 7. Outline Professor Mead's agrarian reorganization plan. Is it feasible? 8. Can *every adult* help the farm to win the war? Why or why not?

III—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. The most valuable things in modern civilization have come through warfare. 2. No one can be a fair-minded critic in time of war. 3. Farming cannot be made an attractive occupation.

IV—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for April 3, 1918. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Empire, inadvertence, Cuba (527); Socialism, crux, desideratum (543); ecstatic (531), lien, labor, profit, insolvency (532).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

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"Bostons" are sold in men's wear shops from coast to coast.
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Son or Brother in training camps in the American Army or Navy? If so, mail him a package of ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes and sprinkled in the foot-bath. The American, British and French troops use Allen's Foot-Ease, because it takes the Friction from the Shoe and freshens the feet. It is the greatest comforter for tired, aching, tender, swollen feet, and gives relief to corns and bunions.
The Plattsburg Camp Manual advises men in training to shake Foot-Ease in their shoes each morning. Ask your dealer to-day for a 25c. box of Allen's Foot-Ease, and for a 2c. stamp he will mail it for you. What remembrance could be so acceptable?

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The RAY adds with speed and accuracy of highest priced machines. Saves errors and money. Portable and handy for use on desk, ledger, etc. Used by U.S.Gov't, B & O Ry., thousands of business and professional men. Sent by parcel post for 20 day free trial. Send no money, but write today.
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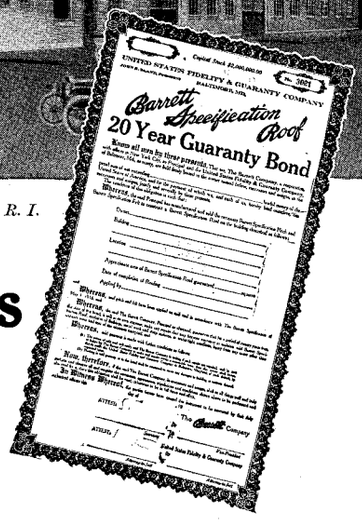

On FORD Service Stations

Most of the large flat roofs in the United States carry the Barrett Specification type of roof.

But for covering smaller buildings with a roof-area of 5,000 feet or more, Barrett Specification Roofs are equally satisfactory and economical.

These are the reasons for their wide popularity:

First—Their cost per year of service is lower than any other permanent roof-covering.

Second—They cost nothing to maintain.

Third—They carry a Surety Bond Guaranty for twenty years—something that no other manufacturer has ever offered.

Fourth—They take the base rate of fire insurance.

Fifth—Experience proves that they will last much longer than twenty years because they contain *more waterproofing material* than any other roofing, and, further, because they are constructed under the supervision of our inspectors.

One familiar class of structures in this country are the Ford Service Stations. There are hundreds of them, some large, but most of them of moderate size. Barrett Specification Roofs cover a large number of these.

Illustrating how the owners feel, we quote from a letter from the Ford Service Station at Providence, R. I.:

> "We wish to say that your Barrett Specification Roofing that you have placed on our Service Station at Allens Avenue has given us entire satisfaction.
>
> "In these days it is a novelty to find a roofing material of superior stock and workmanship, and we are very glad to compliment you on this work."

Before you order a roof for any permanent building be sure to look into the merits and cost of Barrett Specification Roofs. If you do you will have no other kind.

20-Year Guaranty

We now guarantee Barrett Specification Roofs to last for twenty years without cost for maintenance. No charge for the guarantee, for it gives us a chance to protect the good repute of these roofs. The guarantee is a surety bond issued by one of the largest surety companies in America, the United States Fidelity and Guaranty Company of Baltimore. It is offered on all roofs of fifty squares and over in all towns of 25,000 population and more, *and in smaller places also where our Inspection Service is available.*

A copy of The Barrett 20-Year Specification, with roofing diagrams, sent free on request

The Barrett Company

New York Chicago Philadelphia Boston St. Louis Cleveland Cincinnati Pittsburgh
Detroit Birmingham Kansas City Minneapolis Nashville Salt Lake City Seattle Peoria

THE BARRETT COMPANY, Limited
Montreal Toronto Winnipeg Vancouver St. John, N. B. Halifax, N. S. Sydney, N. S.

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Taffeta Frock with collar and cuffs of White Organdie, $19.75.

Women's and Misses' Spring Apparel *at* McCutcheon's

A most attractive display of new models in Coats, Tailored Suits, Daytime Dresses, Blouses, Hats, and Skirts.

Smart Spring Coats of Wool Velour, Gabardine, Serges, Silvertone Tweeds, and Jersey Cloth, $27.75 to 39.50.

Plain Tailored and Trimmed Suits in a variety of attractive materials and models, $35.00 to 59.50.

Afternoon Gowns of Taffeta, Silk, and Crepe de Chine, $24.50 and 28.50.

Misses' Daytime Frocks of Taffeta in street and light shades, $19.75.

Street Dresses of Serge with smart White Pique collar and cuffs, $17.75.

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Georgette Crepe Blouses in light colors, $5.00.

Tailored Blouses of Striped Tub Silk, $5.75.

Blouses of plain White and Striped Cotton Voile, $1.50.

Hats

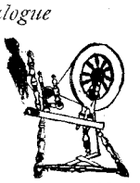
Tailored Straw Hats, $4.75 to 11.75.

Write for new illustrated Spring and Summer Catalogue

Orders by mail given special attention

James McCutcheon & Co.

Fifth Ave. and 34th St., New York



Reg. Trade-Mark

THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. The department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

REHABILITATING THE INTERNED GERMAN SHIPS

(From the "Iron Age")

All the damage done to 109 German ships by their crews, prior to their seizure by the United States Government when war was declared, has been repaired and these ships are to-day in service, adding more than 500,000 gross tonnage to the transport and cargo fleets in war service for the United States. The Committee on Public Information appointed by the President says that there is evidence that a German central authority gave an order for destruction on these ships, effective on or about February 1, 1917, simultaneous with the date set for unrestricted submarine warfare, and that the purpose was to inflict such vital damage to the machinery of all German ships in our ports that none could be operated for from eighteen months to two years. This purpose has been defeated in signal fashion. In less than eight months all the ships were in service.

The destructive campaign of the German crews comprehended a system of ruin which they believed would necessitate the shipping of new machinery to substitute for that which was battered down or damaged by drilling or dismantlement. There is documentary proof that the enemy believed the damage irreparable.

When the United States Shipping Board experts first surveyed the ruin, the belief was expressed that much new machinery would have to be designed, manufactured, and installed, making eighteen months a fair minimum estimate of the time required. However, officers of the Bureau of Steam Engineering of the Navy Department believed that the major portion of the repairs could be accomplished by patching and welding, and declared it was possible to clear the ships for service by Christmas. The last of the fleet actually took her final sea test and was ordered into service as a Thanksgiving gift to the Nation.

To accomplish this end the Navy Department secured the services of machinery welders and patchers, many of them voluntarily offered by the railroads. The time spent was chargeable less to the actual repair work than to the task of dismantling machinery to eliminate every chance of overlooking concealed mutilation. Instances of pipe plugging, of concealing steel nuts and bolts in cylinders, of depositing ground glass in oil pipes and bearings, of changing indicators, and of filling fire extinguishers with gasoline were common. There was no boiler that was not threaded through every pipe for evidence of plugging.

Three methods of patching were used: electric welding, oxy-acetylene welding, and ordinary mechanical patching, the latter often later being welded.

The first vessel upon which electric welding was tried was the Armenia, which had been taken to a private shipyard for

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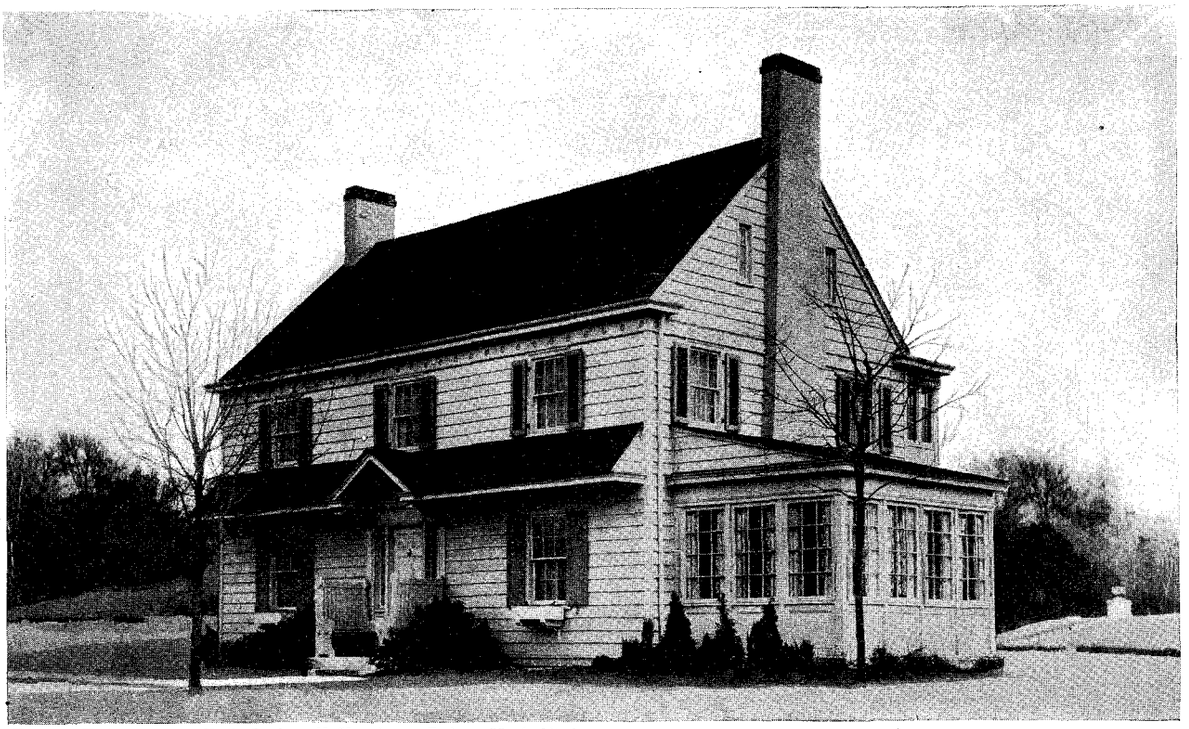

House of Herbert P. Luce, Hollis Gardens, N. Y. Aymar Embury II, Architect.

WITH most of us the building of a home is an important matter. Very likely we shall only build once. We want to be sure that we are going to build right.

The majority of homes in this country continue to be built of wood — because it is the most economical material. For a given sum, wood will build a more attractive, convenient and roomy house, without in the least sacrificing comfort.

And a well built wood house, in which woods have been selected with regard for their proper uses, makes as durable and weatherproof a home as can be built of any material.

WHITE PINE

Any architect, carpenter or lumber dealer will tell you that for the outer covering of a house—exposed to rain and snow, heat and cold, sun and wind—no other wood is so durable and holds its place so well, without warping, splitting, opening at the joints, or decaying, as White Pine.

Address WHITE PINE BUREAU,
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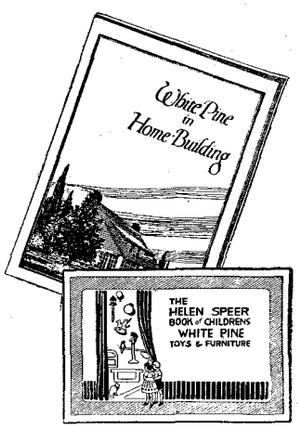

"White Pine in Home-Building" is beautifully illustrated and full of valuable information and suggestions on home-building. Send today for this booklet—free to all prospective home-builders.

"The Helen Speer Book of Children's White Pine Toys and Furniture"—a fascinating children's plan book, from which a child may build its own toys and toy furniture. Prepared by Helen Speer, the toy expert. If there are children in your home, sent free on request.

If you are interested in Garages, ask also for our Garage Booklet.

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New Furniture for Old

If you only knew how wonderfully it would improve the appearance of your furniture, you would go right out and buy a bottle of

3-in-One

this very minute! Yes—those stains, smuts and finger-marks—even surface scratches—that mar so many handsome pieces of furniture, so many pianos and phonographs, can all be removed—quickly, easily. Try this 3-in-One treatment.

It Will Restore the "New" Look

Pour just a little 3-in-One Oil on a cloth wrung out of cold water. Wipe thoroughly each piece of furniture. Don't cover too much surface at a time, and be careful to rub only with the grain of the wood. Dry and polish with soft woolen or cheese-cloth. Do this today. The transformation will surprise and delight you.

3-in-One is sold at all stores—in 15c, 25c and 50c bottles and in Handy Oil Cans, 25c.

FREE—Liberal sample of 3-in-One Oil and Dictionary of Uses—both sent free for the asking.

Three-in-One Oil Co., 165 AEF. Broadway, New York

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF THE OUTLOOK, PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1918.

State of New York, County of New York, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert D. Townsend, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Managing Editor of THE OUTLOOK, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher—
The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

Editor—Lyman Abbott.....381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

Managing Editor—
R. D. Townsend, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

Business Managers—
The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

2. That the owners are:
The Outlook Company, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y. City

Stockholders of The Outlook Company owning 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock:

Lawrence F. Abbott.....381 Fourth Ave., New York
Dorothea V. Abbott.....Cornwall, New York
Ernest H. Abbott.....381 Fourth Ave., New York
Lyman Abbott..... " " " "
Travers D. Carman..... " " " "
W. H. Childs.....17 Battery Place, New York
Walter H. Crittenden....206 Broadway, New York
Frank C. Hoyt.....381 Fourth Ave., New York
Helen R. Mabie.....Summit, N. J.
Almira V. Pulsifer.....Mountainville, New York
Harold T. Pulsifer.....381 Fourth Ave., New York
N. T. Pulsifer.....456 Fourth Ave., New York
Charles Rigoulot, 259 Schenectady Ave., Bklyn, N. Y.
James Stillman (Estate of), 55 Wall St., New York
Robert D. Townsend.....381 Fourth Ave., New York

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

(Signed) ROBERT D. TOWNSEND, Managing Editor.
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March, 1918.

[SEAL] (Signed) J. LYNN EDDY.
Notary Public, Westchester County; New York County Clerk's No. 24; New York County Register's No. 10016; Certificate filed in New York County; Commission expires March 30, 1920.

Rehabilitating the Interned German Ships
(Continued)

overhaul. The vessel was quickly placed in service, and the cost of the repair work was about twenty-five per cent of what had been anticipated. The Prinzess Irene and the Friedrich der Grosse were sent to the Navy-Yard at Brooklyn, New York, for overhauling. Their engines had been as seriously broken as those of any ship. Both vessels yielded speedily to the welding process and have for some time been in transport service.

On the Koenig Wilhelm II the original intention was to repair the cylinders by mechanical, or composition, patches. The Navy Department, however, ordered that cast-steel patches be substituted, and these were bolted to the cylinders and then welded. The amount of fitting necessary to make a mechanical patch steam-tight is shown by the fact that ten weeks after the Koenig Wilhelm II repairs had started machinists were still at work scraping the patches to make them fit. Many of the welded patches were fitted within forty-eight hours. On the Kaiser Wilhelm II many pieces were broken out of cylinders, in addition to several great splits. Cast-iron inserts were made and welded in place and then ground down to the surface of the cylinders. On this ship there were also numerous instances of bent or broken piston-rods, broken cylinder covers, smashed valve chests, and various other items of ruin. The boilers were not injured, nor were the major auxiliaries tampered with. Valves were thrown overboard and much time was required to replace them.

THE NEW BOOKS

This Department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Lorna Doone: A Romance of Exmoor. By Richard Doddridge Blackmore. Edited by R. Adelaide Witham. (Academy Classics.) Allyn & Bacon, Boston. 65c.

Oh, Money! Money! A Novel. By Eleanor H. Porter. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.50.

Pawns of War. A Play. By Bosworth Crocker. Foreword by John Galsworthy. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $1.25.

Pelle the Conqueror. By Martin Anderson Nexö. Vol. I—**Boyhood,** Translated by Jessie Muir; **Apprenticeship,** Translated by Bernard Miall. Vol. II—**The Great Struggle,** Translated by Jessie Muir; **Daybreak,** Translated by Bernard Miall. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $2.

Representative Plays by American Dramatists—1765-1819. Edited by Montrose J. Moses. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

The early American drama is worthy of more study than it ordinarily gets because of its historical relation to the growth of play-writing in this country. In this substantial volume Mr. Moses has collected a dozen of such plays, ranging in date from Godfrey's "Prince of Parthia" (1765) to M. M. Noah's "She Would Be a Soldier" (1819). The collection has a curious interest as throwing light on the social conditions of the period, and, while it cannot be said that any of the plays are of high rank, they are, taken together, worth preservation as forming a certain section of American literature.

Skinner's Big Idea. By Henry Irving Dodge. Harper & Brothers, New York. 50c.

By the author of "Skinner's Dress Coat," which in story and "movie" has had

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The New Books (Continued)

immense popularity and has both amused people and given them a shrewd and sensible point of view. The business man will find something worth his attention in Skinner's new idea.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

Appreciation of Music (The). By Thomas Whitney Surette and Daniel Gregory Mason. Vol. I. Ninth Edition. The H. W. Gray Company, New York. $1.

Early English Portrait Miniatures in the Collection of the Duke of Buccleuch. Text by H. A. Kennedy. Edited by Charles Holme. Special Number of the International Studio. The John Lane Company, New York. $3.

Great Modern Composers. By Daniel Gregory Mason. The Appreciation of Music—Vol. II. The H. W. Gray Company, New York. $1.25.

BIOGRAPHY

Voice of Lincoln (The). By R. M. Wanamaker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

There cannot be too many books about Lincoln. This one has the merit of presenting in readable form many of Lincoln's great speeches—the "House Divided Against Itself" speech, the Cooper Union speech, the Gettysburg address, etc.—together with many well-considered comments on the career of the great President.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Donald Thompson in Russia. By Donald C. Thompson. Illustrated. The Century Company, New York. $2.

These letters from a Kansas man who has made himself famous as a war photographer are brimful of vivid description of exciting experiences. They give a realistic picture of Russia in her days of demoralization, which Mr. Thompson ascribes largely to German intrigue. The photographs are characteristically good. Mr. Thompson is a fervent patriot. "I use American lenses," he says. "I have never used a German lens and never will." One doesn't wonder, after reading how the Germans treated him in Belgium.

Vacation Journeys East and West. Descriptive and Discursive Stories of American Summer Resorts. By David M. Steele. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

WAR BOOKS

America After the War. By an American Jurist. The Century Company, New York. $1.

Inside Constantinople. A Diplomatist's Diary During the Dardanelles Expedition, April-September, 1915. By Lewis Einstein. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Iron Ration (The). Three Years in Warring Central Europe. By George Abel Schreiner. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

An "iron ration" is the name for the food the soldier carries with him in the field. It is the last food in sight and is conserved as such. The name, as given to this book, indicates the desperate straits to which the warring nations of Central Europe have been reduced. The author gives first-hand information, derived from his work as war correspondent, about things political, social, and psychological as well as economic. The book offers an intimate and individualistic view of war conditions in many countries.

EDUCATIONAL

Our Schools in War Time—and After. By Arthur D. Dean, Sc.D. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. $1.25.

The good that is bound to come out of the evil of war is foreshadowed in this suggestive book. A higher efficiency in our schools, that will reduce the vast number of misfits who now encumber our industrial and commercial life, is here outlined and urged. Wide-awake educators should buy and read this book.

What $1 Buys

In Staple Foods Nowadays as Compared with Quaker Oats

We figure food by calories, the unit of nutrition. The average person needs at least 3000 calories per day.

The cost varies immensely. Meat, eggs and fish will average about nine times what Quaker Oats cost for the same food units. Note this table.

What $1 Buys in Food Units

In Quaker Oats	**19,440 Calories**
In Eggs	**2,000 "**
In Meats on the average	**2,500 "**
In Fresh Fish about	**2,200 "**
In Broiled Chicken	**900 "**

Cost comparisons based on prices current at time of writing

Then consider these startling facts:

Six big dishes of Quaker Oats cost no more than a single egg.

You can serve seven breakfasts of Quaker Oats for the cost of one bacon-and-egg breakfast.

Yet the oat is the food of foods. It is the food prescribed for years of growth, and as energy food for adults. In flavor, in nutriment and balance no other grain food compares.

It has twice the nutrition of beef per pound, and six times that of chicken. In these times make it your basic food. Make it the entire breakfast.

Quaker Oats

The Doubly-Delicious Flakes

13c and 32c Per Package

Except in Far West and South

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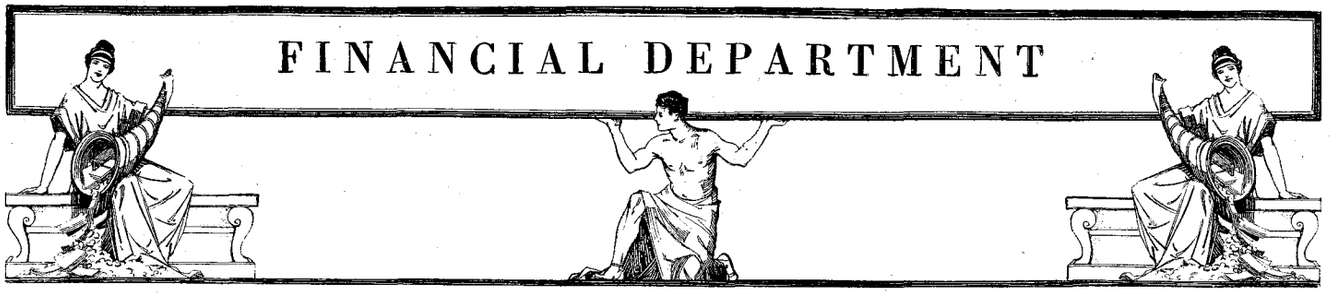

All legitimate questions from Outlook readers about investment securities will be answered either by personal letter or in these pages. The Outlook cannot, of course, undertake to guarantee against loss resulting from any specific investment. Therefore it will not *advise* the purchase of any specific security. But it will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, leaving the responsibility for final decision to the investor. And it will admit to its pages only those financial advertisements which after thorough expert scrutiny are believed to be worthy of confidence. All letters of inquiry regarding investment securities should be addressed to

THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

Getting the Facts for Investment

EVERY investor needs the best information obtainable. The National City Company aims to supply that need, in addition to offering attractive securities for investment.

Thus, the Company maintains six distinct departments whose sole business it is to gather and analyze complete data on the securities of Governments, States and Municipalities, and of Railroad, Public Utility and Industrial Corporations.

* * *

You are invited to call on the Company for information regarding any class of securities. There is neither charge nor obligation.

Our correspondent offices, located in twenty-four investment centers *(many of them having private wires to New York)*, are able to place the Company's entire facilities at your command.

In requesting information, kindly mention Z-158.

The National City Company

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BUFFALO, N. Y. Marine Bank Bldg.
CLEVELAND, OHIO Guardian Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH. 147 Griswold Street
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DENVER, COLO. First Natl. Bank Bldg.

Bonds **Short Term Notes** **Acceptances**

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Are You An Investor?

During the past year the Financial Editor of The Outlook has helped hundreds of Outlook readers to solve intelligently their particular investment problems. Perhaps you are contemplating a shifting of your present holdings or have fresh funds to invest. In either case we shall be glad to give you specific information on any securities in which you may be interested. This service is entirely free to Outlook readers.

The Outlook Financial Department

TO READERS DESIRING INFORMATION ABOUT INVESTMENTS

MANY inquiries from readers regarding particular stock or bond issues come to the Financial Editor's desk without any inclosure of circulars or prospectuses to enable an opinion to be formed as to the merit of the issues.

We would suggest, therefore, in all cases where readers inquire about companies not listed on the New York Stock Exchange or financed by well-known banking houses that there be submitted for examination all the available printed matter. This will save a good deal of time and correspondence.

In all cases we need to have this information:

1. Name and address of bankers or brokers offering the issue.
2. Prospectus or descriptive circular of the company or security issue.
3. Financial statement, including balance-sheet and income statement.
4. List of officers and directors.

If the investor cannot easily obtain all this information from the brokers offering the stock, then he should mark the issue off as undesirable and perhaps fraudulent.

A WARNING TO INVESTORS

We note an increase in the proportion of inquiries from readers of the Financial Department relating to fraudulent, wild-cat, and highly speculative stocks.

Reading of the financial pages of a number of daily newspapers in the past few weeks indicates that the get-rich-quick financial buccaneers are again plying their trade, despite the vigilance of the authorities.

In the alluring bait in recent circulars and advertisements received from Outlook readers we find these choice specimens:

"This is your last chance to buy this stock at this low figure."

"One of the greatest opportunities ever presented for quick profits."

"This stock will pay very large dividends."

"Follow the example of Rockefeller, Carnegie, Ford, Armour, and the other great leaders and put your money at work."

"An investment absolutely guaranteed against loss and certain to pay handsome dividends."

"Only a limited amount of this stock will be sold to any one person."

"The opportunity of a lifetime to start a fortune."

"Delay is fatal—subscribe now."

"Telegraph us how many shares to hold for you."

Such sentences in themselves arouse suspicion.

The Federal authorities in New York have begun another crusade against financial pirates, but wise investors should protect themselves.

Investigate before investing.

BUY A BOND

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

Buy these, and in the buying know
Under far skies you strike the foe.
You too may serve and do your part
Across the sea with mind and heart
By placing in the Nation's hold
One portion of that sword of gold
Now in the making—straight to be
Drawn in the cause of Liberty.

Why You Should Invest NOW

Never, in 40 years, has it been possible to buy safe investments as cheaply as now. The war has resulted in their selling at panic prices, but their security in many cases *is greater than ever before.*

You can invest today, for instance, in a well secured short term note of Public Utility Company of established reputation, to yield about 7½%

Ask us to send you Circular O

A·H·Bickmore & Co
111 BROADWAY, N.Y.

NOT ONE DOLLAR LOST ON A DANFORTH FARM MORTGAGE IN SIXTY YEARS

No Investor has ever foreclosed a Mortgage, taken a foot of land or lost a dollar on a Danforth Farm Mortgage. For further information regarding our Farm Loans and Bonds write for Booklet and Investors' List No. 58.

A·G·Danforth·&·Co
BANKERS Founded A.D. 1858
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Farm Mortgage Loans

Carefully selected and conservatively made in the best agricultural sections of

Kansas and Oklahoma

by one of the oldest farm loan companies in this part of the country. This business was established in 1872 by L. U. Humphrey, later Governor of Kansas. Write for booklet and list.

THE HUMPHREY INVESTMENT COMPANY
Independence, Kansas,
McAlester, Oklahoma.

Your Wants

in every line of household, educational, business, or personal service—domestic workers, teachers, nurses, business or professional assistants, etc., etc.—whether you require help or are seeking a situation, may be filled through a little announcement in the classified columns of The Outlook. If you have some article to sell or exchange, these columns may prove of real value to you as they have to many others. Send for descriptive circular and order blank AND FILL YOUR WANTS. Address

Department of Classified Advertising
THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

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THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING SECTION

Advertising rates are: Hotels and Resorts, Apartments, Camps, Tours and Travel, Real Estate, Live Stock and Poultry, fifty cents per agate line, four columns to the page. Not less than four lines accepted. In calculating space required for an advertisement, count an average of six words to the line unless display type is desired.

"Want" advertisements, under the various headings, "Board and Rooms," "Help Wanted," etc., ten cents for each word or initial, **including the address for each insertion.** The first word of each "Want" advertisement is set in capital letters without additional charge. Other words may be set in capitals, if desired, at double rates. If answers are to be addressed in care of The Outlook, **twenty-five cents** is charged for the box number named in the advertisement. Replies will be forwarded by us to the advertiser and bill for postage rendered. Special headings appropriate to the department may be arranged for on application.

Orders and copy for Classified Advertisements must be received with remittance ten days before the Wednesday on which it is intended the advertisement shall first appear.

Address: ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT, THE OUTLOOK
381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY

Tours and Travel

SPEND YOUR VACATION in WASHINGTON STATE

Evergreen and evercool! Snow-capped mountains, virgin pine forests, national parks, seas, lakes, waterfalls, roads into the heart of it all! And Alaska, the wonderland at our door! This book, beautifully illustrated, tells you. *Write:* **I. M. Howell, Sec. of State, Dept. O, Olympia, Wash.**

Delightful Summer Outing through the Great West for young people. Conducted by well-known artist and his wife. *Reservations made now. Start June 15.* For particulars address 7,913, Outlook. Refs. exchanged.

Hotels and Resorts

CONNECTICUT

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CALIFORNIA needs teachers with graduate study. Consult Boynton-Esterly Teachers' Agency, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Cal.

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AT once—a man for university position in physical training, $1,400; men for English, university schools, $1,500 to $1,800; two men with doctor's degrees, college positions, $1,500 to $1,800; history and English for boys' academy, $1,500 to $2,000; two head masters for university training schools, $1,800 to $2,000. Address THE INTERSTATE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Macheca Building, New Orleans, Louisiana.

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GRADUATE teacher, American, desires position for summer. Nature study, games, occupations. References exchanged. 5,783, Outlook.

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MISCELLANEOUS

TO PARENTS ENGAGED IN PATRIOTIC WORK. UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITY. LADY living on Long Island, South Shore, will receive a limited number of young girls from eight to twelve years old, for the summer months. Simple home life, sea bathing, riding, outdoor sports. Highest references exchanged. For particulars address Miss M. C., 1819 Vernon Place N. W., Washington, D. C.

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CAPE COD—SUMMER HOME FOR CHILDREN. Professor's family desire to share mother's care, governess instruction, with limited number of young children. Winter arrangement, New York, if desired. Highest references. Terms on application. 5,772, Outlook.

SOCIAL worker with the best of experience desires executive work. Knowledge of farming and gardening. Box 154, Newburgh, New York.

PATRIOTISM by Lyman Abbott, also 4 verses of America—The Pledge to the Flag—2 verses of The Star-Spangled Banner, all in a little leaflet. Further the cause of patriotism by distributing in your letters, in pay envelopes, in schools, churches, clubs, and social gatherings. 200 sent prepaid for 30 cents. Arthur M. Morse, Montclair, N. J.

WANTED—Defective persons to board. Address W., Pawling, N. Y.

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BY THE WAY

In a well-known restaurant in New York City's Chinatown tea is served at various prices, from ten to fifty cents a cup. The fifty-cent tea is called "Yos Ban Yen." A Chinese waiter in this restaurant, on being asked the reason for the high price of this particular brand, said: "Him high up on rocks. Have get monkey pick him." It would seem that the high cost of living must have affected even the monkeys' rate of wages in China to warrant this price for a single cup of tea.

"Dogs and other animals are wonderful mind-readers," says Henry C. Merwin in one of the "Atlantic Classics" volumes. "I have known three cases in which some discussion about the necessity of killing an old dog, held in his presence, was quickly followed by the sudden, unaccountable disappearance of the animal. . . . Horses are inferior only to dogs in this capacity. Men who ride race-horses have told me that a sudden conviction in their own minds, in the course of a race, that they could not win has passed immediately to the horse and caused him to slacken his speed, although they had not ceased to urge him."

The love of dogs and other animals is a test of the moral progress of mankind, according to the writer named in the above paragraph. "Not Stephenson, nor Faraday, nor Morse, nor Fulton, nor Bell," he says, "did so much for the human race, to say nothing of the other animals, as did that dueling Irishman who, in the year 1822, proposed in the English Parliament, amid shrieks and howls of derision, what afterward became the first law for the protection of dumb animals ever placed on the statute-book of any country." The "dueling Irishman" may be identified as Richard Martin, widely known as "Humanity Martin," a name conferred on him by no less a personage than George IV, King of England.

"Is the expression 'an oblong square' permissible?" a subscriber asks. "It is objected that the word 'square' is superfluous." As used specifically, in geometry, oblong is defined as "a long rectangle," and hence "an oblong" is sufficiently clear to the geometrical mind. But some authorities, as quoted in the Oxford English Dictionary, have used the phrase objected to, or variations of it—as, a "square oblonge" (tr. of Palladius, 1420); "an antient wall with towers, forming a kind of oblong square" (Dalrymple, 1777).

What words are most frequently misspelled in the papers? Two candidates for the honor have good claims. "Haled"—"haled into court"—often appears as "hailed." "Identify," for some curious reason, is frequently printed "indentify." "Superceded," "ecstacy," and "develope" might receive honorable mention in the list.

"Draw a picture of Plymouth Rock as you think it looked," said the teacher to the class, as reported in an educational magazine. One small boy seemed to be in difficulties. "What is the trouble?" asked the sympathetic teacher. "I can't tell which you want me to draw," was the reply—"a rooster or a hen."

The importance of local traffic to a railway system is indicated in the statement that passengers to and from stations on Long Island make up nearly three-fourths of the total number who use the great station of the Pennsylvania Railroad on Seventh Avenue in New York City. In 1917 the total number of passengers who used the terminal was 18,148,605, of whom 13,224,258 were from Long Island.

Is there a collection of Chinese proverbs? Here is a specimen which for pith and point will appeal to Americans as worthy of preservation: "A road is good for ten years and bad for ten thousand."

This proverb is quoted with approval by Mr. Ray Chapman Andrews, who conducted an expedition into farthest China for the American Museum of Natural History. Except for bad roads and bandits, however, Mr. Andrews found that travel in China met with no difficulties. "It was apparent," he says, "that throughout China there is a total lack of anti-foreign feeling in both the peasant and official classes, and except for the brigands white men can travel in perfect safety anywhere in the Republic."

Among strange animals found by the expedition above referred to was the goral. This is a mountain goat of great agility. "I have seen a goral," says Mr. Andrews, "run at full speed down the face of a cliff which appeared to be almost perpendicular and where the dogs dared not venture. As the animal landed on a projecting rock it would bounce off as though made of rubber, and leap eight or ten feet to a narrow ledge which did not seem large enough to support a rabbit."

Even the most careful housewife occasionally sighs for unbreakable dishes; and, whether the responsibility of a broken dish is hers or her maid's, she will sympathize with the heroine of the following skit from the Liverpool "Post:"

"John," said Mrs. Jenkins, looking up from the evening paper, "you know how many dishes Kate has broken lately?"

"Yes," replied John; "what of it?"

"Well," continued the lady, "there is something here in the paper about steel plates. I don't know just what they are, but I should think they might be indestructible and the very thing we need."

Everywhere men who suddenly attain prosperity spend money foolishly. A story is told in "Commerce and Finance" illustrating the point in the case of a Southern darky who had made money as a result of the high price of cotton. He went to buy a phonograph. "How many children have you?" asked the phonograph man during the transaction. "I has eight," was the answer. "One phonograph for eight children!" exclaimed the salesman; "that will never do! You need two." And he sold them to his credulous customer.

The vigilance of the track-walkers of a railway cannot always prevent accidents from falling rocks. A recent accident on the Pennsylvania Railroad not far from Harrisburg was caused by the falling at midnight of a huge boulder weighing nearly three hundred tons from the top of a cut about seventy feet deep. It fell just as the cars were passing, being possibly dislodged by the vibration of the moving train.

The ingenuity of the limerick-maker has rarely been better shown than in the following example which a medical journal prints in its funny column, thus incidentally showing that the profession is willing to take good-naturedly a joke on itself:

There was a young indigent Dr.
Called in by a woman named Prr.—
With a battery he shr.,
Quite senseless he knr.,
Ten plunks was the sum that he sr.

Principles of American Diplomacy

By John Bassett Moore

Do you know where your country stands on the great questions of international relations? Perhaps you think that this has nothing to do with you. But in these days when the eyes of the whole world are turned upon America, when everyone is relying upon her to stem the Teuton tide, surely you should know the place she has taken in the council of nations. Prof. Moore's book will give you a clear understanding of our relations with foreign powers. $2.00.

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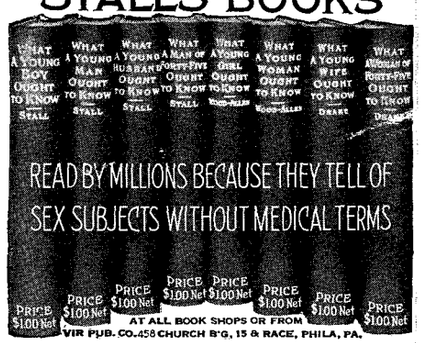
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There's a New Way to Save Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

It Ends The Film

Old methods of tooth brushing don't save the teeth, as millions of people know. They remove some part of the debris, but often leave the chief tooth destroyer.

That is why brushed teeth discolor and decay. Why tartar forms, and pyorrhea starts. And why safety requires a periodic dental cleaning.

There forms on teeth a slimy, clinging film. You can feel it with your tongue.

It gets into crevices, hardens and stays and resists the tooth brush. The ordinary dentifrice cannot dissolve it. And that is the cause of nearly all tooth troubles.

That film absorbs stains and discolors. It hardens into tartar. It holds portions of the food which ferment and form acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the cause of decay.

Dentists call it bacterial plaque, because it breeds millions of germs. And they, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

That film is the teeth's great enemy. Brushing teeth does little good if the film is not removed.

Now a way has been found to combat that film. It is used and endorsed by many modern dentists. And to quickly bring it into general use we are offering a One-Week test.

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This method—called Pepsodent—is a dainty tooth paste. You use it like any dentifrice. But, unlike others, it contains an activated pepsin—the digestant of albumin.

The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to daily prevent its accumulation.

The reason why pepsin was not used before is the fact that it must be activated. The usual agent is an acid, harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed forbidden.

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